[redacted]

CLARA DE MONTFIER,

A MORAL TALE.

WITH ORIGINAL POEMS.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

TO THE

Right Hon. Lady Charlotte Greville.

514

BY

ELIZABETH ANNE LE NOIR,

AUTHOR OF

VILLAGE ANECDOTES.

VOL. II.

READING:

Printed for the AUTHOR, by A. M. SMART and Co.

and sold by Messrs. RIVINGTON'S, St. Paul's Church Yard, London,

1808.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASVATI MAHAL
A08.2
514

CHAPTER I.

WINTER.

The winter set in with a deep fall of snow, which effectually closed up all access to the village, and separated it more than ever from the rest of the world; this was succeded by a sharp, clear frost that lasted seven weeks without once breaking or increasing to any intense degree: Thus the secluded inhabitants were not debarred free intercourse with each other, or the enjoyment of the wholesome and invigorating sports of the season.

The Curé and the Baron visited the cottagers regularly once a week, in order to see that old age and infirmity should every where be supplied with fuel, warm covering, and wholesome nourishment. Clara was often of these parties, the children sometimes, and the English philosopher always, for they were parties of pleasure. When the weather was inviting and no sickness in the cottage, the servants were frequently sent forward with provisions, which after the visitors had partaken of with a relish, the walk never failed to heighten, and their benevolent intentions to cheer, were left in abundance for the regale of the cottagers.

Mr. Forrest and the Baron, would frequently join the younger folks in such exercises as could be taken within doors, such as battle-door and shuttle-cock, &c. but the Abbé long withstood such in-

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL ... TANJORE

fantine sports in the fear of committing his dignity. He was however at length laughed into complaisance, and compliance, and once engaged, no one was more eager or more delighted. The Gentlemen had moreover a great resourse in the amusements of the chase, for the woods afforded plenty and variety of game.

The evening parties in the Barn have already been noticed; these were peculiarly agreeable to Mr. Forrest, who would frequently resort to them alone, to contemplate with a philosophic eye, the genuine simplicity of undisguised and uncorrupted nature. He enjoyed the homely jests of these good people, listened with the most patient attention to their long stories; and answered their numerous questions with the utmost good humour and complaisance. These evening scenes supplied conversation and entertainment

for the ensuing day, to which, Mr. Forrest's peculiar vain of humour and original turn of expression, did not fail to add a zest. Clara, in particular, always appeared so delighted with these relations, and Mr. Forrest's English idioms in French, that he gave himself little trouble to correct them, and was in consequence frequently rallied by the Abbé, on his retrogade improvement; for this last was a rigid puritist, and would not allow, even in a foreigner, a phrase or an expression, not authorized by the academy.

"That is not French, Monsieur," he would often say: Mr. Forrest, who sometimes made mistakes on purpose, would then appeal to Clara, who was sure to decide in his favor; and to say, that if his turn of expression was not French, it deserved to be so, it was so agreeable. The Englishman would

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASVATI MAHAL

then triumph, and assure Monsieur l'Abbé that he would rather speak such French as should be approved by Mademoiselle, than an oration that might defy the animadversions of the whole forty members of the academy, or even procure him a place among them."

"If that is the case," said the Abbé shrugging his shoulders, "Monsieur will never know French,"—"If Mademoiselle, chooses that I should forget English," returned Mr. Forrest, "she has only to pronounce the word."—"Monsieur l' Abbé must allow," said the Baron here interposing," that you speak good French now, for the language of compliment is its very essence."

"Essence!" repeated the Abbé, with a strong emphasis, "I have the honor to assure you, Monsieur the Baron, that whatever the sentiment, it is always per-

fectly essential that it should be expressed in a correct, grammatical manner, according to the rules of the academy, or" . . .

"I am the Academy's most obedient and very humble servant Sir," said the Baron, "I am president of an Academy, where good sense, good humour, and good nature shall always have a place, be their garb ever so foreign to the costume of our nation, and however they may be excluded elsewhere——Monsieur Forrest are you for a walk, or shall we hear the young ones sing their last new song?"

"Oh! indeed, Monsieur Forrest must hear our song first," said Basil, "because papa made it."

"I only imitated it my dear," returned his father, "the thoughts and music are originally German."

ORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SA

All the company calling for the song the little boys sang as follows:—

SONG.

Come May, bring pleasant weather,
    And dress the naked trees ;
Bring flow'rs that we may gather,
    As many as we please :
King cups and sweet primroses,
    And butter-flow'rs so gay ;
And vi'lets for our posies ;
    Oh bring us lovely May !

Dear May, thy breath is sweeter,
    Than cake and sweetmeat nice ;
To rove the meads is better,
    Than sliding on the ice.
I'd rather see the hedges,
    All white when hawthornes blow,
Than ride about on sledges,
    When they are white with snow.

What tho', we've sports in plenty,
And play at blindman's buff;
At cards have more than twenty;
And all are well enough;
Yet still to go a Maying,
With sister in the Spring,
And on the grass be playing,
Is quite another thing.

Oh how I wish 'twere warmer,
And finer out of doors,
To go and see the farmer,
The cattle and the mowers:
Come May, bring pleasant weather,
That we may sport at ease
The nightingale bring hither,
And Cuckoo, if you please.

CHAPTER II.

A SORCERER.

It was one of the coldest nights of this very severe winter, when some one knocked up the good Curé, to attend a sick person supposed to be in very imminent danger.

Monsieur du Plessis, accustomed to such interruptions of his repose, would not suffer his Curate to be disturbed; and was soon ready to accompany the messenger, an honest, simple fellow, called Pierrot.

"I wonder, for my part," said he, as he trudged forward with his lanthorn, "how any man can be so foolish as to sell his soul to the devil, for what does he get by it at last? there's no being off the bargain, old cloven foot will be paid sooner or later, and what matter's being ever so rich or ever so cunning when 'tis but for snch a little while, as one may say? The poor old shepherd is in a main fright; and what signifies sending for you, Monsieur the Curé? a man must stand to his bargain, when he can't get off, you know."

"Your reasoning is just, my good friend," answered the Curé, "although taken up upon such very wrong grounds; for as to the poor sick shepherd, La Grange, he is no more a wizard than you or I. If so bad a bargain appears to you a folly, do not you think that

it must strike him in the same light, whom you must allow, is both older and wiser than you? I am sorry you have profited so ill of the lessons you have so often heard, as to ascribe a neighbour's superiority to so shocking a cause; a man may be much wiser than you, yet no wizard, believe me Pierrot. It is not given to every one to have wit; but virtue is always to be attained, and is within the reach of the meanest capacity. For observe, Pierrot, that although the master did not require ten talents of the servant, who was intrusted with but one; yet he did require *two*; every one has his talent, however small, which he must labor to improve, as assiduously as if it were greater, or be called to a strict account for his negligence. Many people have dealings with the devil, honest Pierrot, who do not at all suspect themselves of it.

What does the unjust, the miser, the liar, the slanderer, in short the habitual slave to any vice, to any wilful breach of the commandments of God, but sell his soul to the devil, giving his everlasting inheritance for a mess of porridge, as effectually as if he made a *pact* as it is called? The folly is equally great, my dear friend, did we see it in its true light; whenever by sin we endanger our salvation, we live in league with the enemies of God, and have as much reason to tremble at a death-bed, as if the blasphemous bargain of our hearts, had been pronounced by our lips. Do you think, my friend, that it is not a heinous breach of charity, to pronounce your poor neighbour a wizard, merely for playing you some little trick, or perhaps for having laughed at your simplicity? You are charitable enough to come three miles in such a bitter night

as this, to procure him assistance, and you spoil the merit of so good an action, by villifying the person for whom you do it? attend to me honest Pierrot, cultivate the little talent a gracious master has bestowed upon you; let good nature and benevolence prevail as much in your thoughts and words as in your actions, avoid injuring your neighbour in his character as carefully as in his person; learn of your divine master to be meek and humble of heart; so shall you be willing to allow, that another may have gifts superior to yours, although bestowed by the same bounteous hand; and *you* find peace to your soul."

Monsieur du Plessis, in this instance, only repeated a lesson he had often endeavoured to inculcate from the pulpit; yet his utmost efforts had failed of era-

dicating the idea of sorcery from his flock.

The patient, la Grange, who had some wit and a great deal of humor; besides, that he was a shepherd, a calling particularly exposed to the suspicion of unfair knowledge among the peasantry in France, was moreover a thriving industrious fellow, and consequently looked upon as the chief wizard of the neighbourhood. He knew the situation of the stars, was a very good judge of the weather, the changes of which he often foretold; understood the diseases of cattle, and being no contemptible botanist, often succeeded in curing them by means of very simple remedies, of which he took care to make a mystery, though well aware to what cause his simple neighbours attributed his success; yet so natural to the human mind is the love

of distinction, that he rather sought to encourage the idea, by frequently playing them such tricks as they could not account for in a natural way, by telling fortunes, by pretending to charm away agues, &c. The weddings that he foretold always took place, and sometimes the deaths; while his magic touch operating upon the imagination of patients under some peculiar diseases, had often the reputation of effecting their cure.

In recovering a stray sheep from the jaws of the wolf, and afterwards watching the whole of one very bitter night in order to surprise the plunderer, he had taken a severe cold, which seizing upon his bowels, occasioned so violent a cholic, as was attended with convulsions, and the most alarming distortions of the whole frame. — These unusual

symptoms his neighbours did not fail to ascribe to the agony of his mind, on the conviction that the term of his contract was drawing to a close, but what was more deplorable, the poor shepherd's imagination partaking of the disorder, he absolutely was persuaded that he was the miscreant his neighbours pronounced him, and the utmost horror of mind was added to the tortures of his body.

The good Curé, desiring to be left alone with the patient, easily discovered that his reason was affected; he argued with him with his usual kindness; prayed by him with his accustomed fervor, and succeeded in convincing him, that although he might be something of an impostor, he was no wizard at all. He then prescribed some remedies for his complaint, and waited till he witnessed their good effect, and when at

length he retired, had the additional satisfaction of leaving the wife and children of the sick man, who had been persuaded to believe that the devil was waiting to carry him away; eased of their dreadful apprehensions, and hardly less relieved than the poor shepherd himself.

CHAPTER III.

VISITORS.

When the frost had lasted about six weeks and the tracts were somewhat beaten, access to the village from the neighbourhood became just practicable; and there arrived at the Castle visitors from its nearest neighbours, the Count de Valvert and his eldest son, who, if Mr. Forrest had been disposed to judge of all the inhabitants of these secluded regions from those who so hospitably and agreeably entertained him, would at least have enabled him, to have corrected his mistake.

These two Gentlemen, were the representatives of a very ancient family, which had preserved its blood and its manners untainted with modern innovations, through many illustrious generations.—They were as hardy as the nobles of the 13th century, and at least as illiterate; but rather yielded to them in gallantry and outward polish.

The Count himself in dress and address, was hardly to be distinguished from the tenants of his neighbour; he spent his time chiefly in the amusements of of the chace, and had no objection to those of the bottle; his son would have thought it derogating from the honors of his ancient house, not to have been as like his father as possible, and improving upon the pattern was soon discovered to be the least supportable of the two.

The two Counts were attended by several servants, and followed by a complete pack of wolf hounds, of whose merits they were not a little tenacious, and which they boasted were not to be equalled in the whole world; indeed, the race of these animals, had been as carefully preserved, and was as free from any foreign mixture as their own, while their breeding had been much more attended to.

" I have heard of your rough fox hunting, country squires," said the Baron to Mr. Forrest, as he arrived at the Castle, soon after the visitors, " but I will undertake to show you a native of this country, a wolf hunting Seigneur, at least as worthy of comparison, as the two animals, that are the objects of their warfare; come let me introduce you; if you will engage to drink with my

guests, I will hunt with them, and these are the amusements they will require."

"I shall request to be of both parties," said Mr. Forrest gaily, "and for the honor of my country, will not flinch in either;"

So saying, he entered the saloon with the Baron, who immediately introduced him to the strangers, as a *Milord Anglois* and his particular friend.

The Count de Valvert, was a stout hard favored man about five and fifty: his son with a smoother countenance had rougher manners, for the hand of time while it furrows the brow, will usually in some degree at least, polish the manners: both examined Mr. Forrest with a stare of surprize and curiosity.

"Ah! Monsieur is a *Milord Anglois*," said the senior Count, "I am his most humble servant; though we are at war sometimes, being that his nation are rather a set of barbarians. I dare say he may be a very good kind of man in the main, he looks almost like one of us,—Sir," addressing Mr. Forrest, "I shall be very glad to hear about your country, and to shew you mine, and the Castle, and—and——You have no such castles in England Sir."

The young Count in a loud whisper, said to his father, "*Mon Papa*; this is certainly the milord, that has the fine horse, we have heard so much about." He then made his bow to the merits of this beautiful animal.——

The strangers had not quitted their *sabots**, and travelling dresses, which, if Mr. Forrest had been an observer of dress, must have surprized him, they had been a day and night upon the road, and had performed their journey chiefly on foot, for the way was still so difficult, that they were frequently obliged to alight from their horses, and lead them; they were fatigued and hungry, and an early supper was ordered for their accommodation: while it was dispatching little else was attended to; but no sooner had the wine and good cheer, somewhat recruited their strength and spirits; than the senior Count began to look about him with great complacency.

" I heard that you had a fine daughter neighbour," said he to the Baron and

* Wooden shoes.

glancing at Clara: "and truly I think the young person is not amiss; I have a son too as you see, who is, though I say it, a likely youth; I thought as how he might as well come among his neighbours, for we must be looking out for a wife for him soon, and if you and I can agree, why so much the better you know; I am none of those, who are for dispising things merely because they are at hand and easy to be had, as one may say, so we be come, like good neighbours, to kill your wolves, and carry away your daughter; so to rid you of all your plagues at once."

"You do us too much honor, Monsieur," answered the Baron, "you are too good; I shall be very happy to lend you a hand in getting rid of the wolves; but as to this dear little plague (looking

at Clara) I am not in any hurry to be rid of her."

Clara who was seated near her father, relieved from much embarrassment by this answer, tenderly kissed his hand.

"Mon Papa," said the young Count, "when are we to see this fine horse?"

"Why, Milord Anglois will shew him to us to-morrow I dare say;" returned his father, "he thinks of horses, while we are thinking of marrying him, neighbour," continued he to the Baron; "no making these young heads serious; though I must own I should like to see the horse too:"

Mr. Forrest remained silent; but could not forbear some indignant glances, at the unlicked cub, thus proposed as a fit

match for the accomplished and amiable Clara, and who at the same time was more occupied with a horse than with her; he even wondered that the Baron did not take it as an insult, forgetting in the ardor of his zeal and the excess of his astonishment, that the high ancestry of which judging by the sample he thought so little, was yet of some weight in the Baron's scale of opinion.

Meanwhile the two Counts were tossing off their wine in silver goblets that held a pint each, and the elder reproaching their host for refusing to pledge them; while Mr. Forrest, who had promised to keep him in countenance, was yet so fearful of appearing before Clara, unlike his sober self, that he slily mixed his draught with water. Clara sufficiently shocked at the match proposed for her, and experienc-

ing only disgust, where at least, she had promised herself a little amusement; already thought the visit too long, and retired with her brothers soon after supper. When she arose the old Count desired his son to hand her to the door; but Clara being more eager to avoid the civility than the youth to undertake it, she made good her escape, before he was well out of his chair.

"Your daughter is but slender, Monsieur the Baron," said the Count, surveying her as she quitted her seat, "I have one that shall make two of her; a fine sightly accomplished girl, that can hunt all the day through, shoot flying, and lift me from the ground. Ah, neighbour, if one of your sons had been but of age for her, we would have had a double match of it; but I mean her for the eldest son of the Prince,

my near neighbour on the opposite side of the forest. She is a rare wench, though I say it."

Clara found Thèrése in her apartment, impatiently waiting her mistresses arrival there.

"Oh! Mademoiselle," exclaimed she, "what is this I hear? Antoine has told us, that these two figures from the Antipodes are coming a courting to you! Oh! I shall die with laughter, I just peeped in at supper, to see how they ate, but they did nothing but drink all the while I stayed—dear Mademoiselle, sure Monsieur the Baron will pack them off as they came; I protest they are scarce human, an Englishman is a Christian creature, compared to such things as those: and then, their servants—I have made a conquest of the valet and

head groom already; so Mademoiselle, if you determine to go into this land of boors, I shall at least have a chance of following you."

"How you run on, Thèrése," said her mistress, "I really am in no humor to laugh, or if I were, it should not be at the expence of my father's guests and neighbours; you and I have both more reason to be surprized when we meet with polished people here, than with such as are like every thing that environs us."

"Oh! Mademoiselle, I ask your pardon," said Thèrése, "if your sweet suitor is to your fancy, there is nothing to be said; to be sure, he puts me in mind of the poor Chevalier by contraries, just as a hedge-hog reminds me of Mr. Forrest's fine, sleek, tall English horse, from

being so extremely unlike it; dont you think so, Mademoiselle?"

Clara, who was leaning pensively on her hand, could not forbear smiling at the conceit, particularly as she had recently experienced it was just; she had indeed been led to think of the Chevalier du Plessis, and to form something like a wish—that he could have been exchanged against the young Count de Valvert: a deep reverie succeeded, which Thèrése, as if she had guessed her young lady's thought, suddenly interrupted.

" La! Mademoiselle, do you know, that I really believe, the Chevalier du Plessis, and this same pretty little Count, were changed at nurse: I have often heard of such things; Mademoiselle Fréron will tell you of twenty, all within her own knowledge. Could not we make

it out, or would it vex you too much, Mademoiselle?"

"You do vex me with your nonsense, Thèrése," said Clara, but in a tone that announced rather dejection than displeasure. "Why," said she to herself, "must I wish such an absurdity to be true?"

Thèrése, who observed that her mistress was more difficult than usual to entertain, asked, if she should sing a song, or tell a story?—"for I cannot bear to see you so dull, Mademoiselle?" said she.

"E'en which thou wilt, good girl," answered Clara, affected by the soothing manner of her attentions, "I shall be glad to see *thee* merry at least."

"Well then Mademoiselle," said Thérése, "you shall have both; and both in one, now for it—she then sung to a lively air, as follows :—

SONG.

To tell you tales of fairies,
Of artless love to sing,
Fair ladies I'm aware, is
A very borish thing;
'Twas an old German ditty,
Ere Paris youth so fine,
To make them wise and witty,
Had travers'd o'er the Rhine.

Forgive the simple fiction,
Such honest folks belief,
I'll tell it in plain diction
And strive to make it brief;
'Tis of a rural beauty,
By fairy lullabies;
Instructed as a duty,
Love before gold to prize.

With innocent affection,
  This village lass, we're told,
Declin'd a King's election,
  Prefering love to gold :
Nor fairies now nor witches,
  Tho' singing all day long,
Could move such scorn of riches,
  As this same fairy song.

" Now for the fairy song, Mademoiselle," said Thèrése, interrupting herself, I pray you mark."

" Love without gold is treasure,
  " Accept an equal mate,
" Gold without love's no pleasure,
  " Avoid the tempting bait."

" Well, Thèrése," said Clara, " and what then?"

" Oh! Mademoiselle, you shall hear, the song will tell you," and she continued :

If you'll believe the story,
 This strange romantic maid,
Preferring love to glory,
 By love was overpaid;
The song the fairy taught her,
 She never once thought wrong;
She sang it to her daughter,
 She sang it all day long.
" Love without gold is treasure,
 " Accept an equal mate,
" Gold without love's no treasure,
 " Avoid the tempting bait.

" Where has this ditty been slumbering," said Clara, " that I never chanced to hear it before?"

" Why, Mademoiselle," answered the songstress, " it was among those Mr. Forrest brought you from Paris; you had thrown it aside, and I thought I might make free with it; for Antoine

plays the tune upon the violin; there is a note to the music, which says, that the song, in the original German, has five and twenty verses; what a pity they were not all translated! it would then have lasted till to-morrow morning."

"It would have lulled me to sleep, at least," said Clara, "although the tune, it must be confess'd, is lively and pretty enough; but I do not wish it any longer."

"Oh! but I do, Mademoiselle, I should like to know all the particulars of the story; and how and where the young Prince met the pretty village maid; and if her eyes were black like mine, or I know not what colour, (for one can't very well see for your long lashes,) but very soft like your's; and if the lover she preferred was handsomer and younger

than the Prince; marry, I dare to say," continued Thérése, bursting into a loud laugh, "that the Prince was just such a man as the young Count de Valvert; and the shepherd the image of the Chevalier du Plessis, or perhaps of Monsieur La Roche; if so, there was no occasion for the interference of any fairy —— la! Mademoiselle, don't you recollect the Prince, that came to pay his Court to you last year, from Champ-Fleury? with his large black eye-brows overhanging his sallow face, like the old yew tree, that bends over the thick muddy water in the moat; he was worse, if possible than the young Count, for he was older and uglier; do you think a young beauty would have needed much persuasion to have preferred Louisot to him? poor Louisot! what a handsome youth he was! I dreamed last night that as the shepherds were running after the wolf, the

dogs caught hold of him, and no sooner did the blood begin to follow, but the creature shifted his skin and turned into Louisot."

"Poor youth!" said Clara, "I would give something to know what is become of him; his beauty was his least perfection, what could induce such a sober worthy young man to leave his family, I cannot devise.

"Witchcraft," answered Thèrése eagerly, "he was bewitched, Mademoiselle, and my dream tells it plainly; for as to his being a wizard himself, or a *loup-garou*, nobody shall ever persuade me to believe any such thing; the oldest woman breathing, no, not Mademoiselle Fréron herself with all her knowledge, ever heard of a handsome young man, even though he was a shepherd, becoming a sorcerer.

"When I told her my dream, this morning, she said it was a sure sign, he would speedily return; that the wolf's skin signified, appearances being against him, or perhaps some bad company into which he had been decoyed; and as for the dog that made him bleed, it signified some faithful friend, whose salutary admonitions would give him wholesome pain, and bring him back to his village and his duty. So, Mademoiselle, I was in such a hurry to carry all this good news to his mother, that I set off the moment I had breakfasted — when did you ever know any thing so provoking? Mademoiselle Fréron had already been there, telling my dream as pat as if it had been her own."

"Poor Thèrése!" said Clara, "it is hard indeed that you should not have the retailing of your own reveries, ano-

ther time keep them to yourself, though I am afraid you would find that harder still—well, good night, go to bed, and dream again; but let it be something to console *me* this time, do you hear, Thèrése?"

"I am sorry you should want consolation, Mademoiselle," answered the waiting woman, "however, sleeping or waking, my best services are your's; good night, I will endeavour to dream, that your Count is transformed into a donkey, (and the change would not be so very great,) and run away, or devoured by the wolf."

CHAPTER IV.

A WOLF HUNT.

In the mean time the gentlemen were talking over the diversions of the field, and comparing the various kinds peculiar to the two countries. The Count de Valvert, boasted much of his own prowess and that of his dogs; exulted over Mr. Forrest, and told him he would not give a souse for a country, where there was neither wolves nor wild boars.

"What matters hunting a fox, or a poor hare?" said he, "*Je laissons tout ca*

aux femmes nous autres, we leaves all that to the women; there's the Countess, my wife, and her youngest daughter, shall hunt with any Milord Anglois of you all. You are a mere nation of milksops; did not I see you mix water with your wine? If I was the King I'd send nothing but women to fight you."—

"We should not fight with such an army," said Mr. Forrest "but most certainly bow down before it. Nevertheless, whenever you are disposed, I am ready to attend you to the field, where I shall endeavour to convince you, that a fox hunter, and not a professed one, for I never engaged much in such diversions, may make no contemptible figure after a wolf."

"I am always disposed for a bottle or a chace," said the old Count, "so with my

good neighbours leave, we'll be at it to-morrow, by break of day."

"I can hardly give my leave for so early a day," returned the Baron, "because I think it will be taking you rather at a disadvantage, Monsieur le Comte, neither you nor your cattle, will be recovered of your fatigue."

The Count tossing off a bumper of wine, sent all fatigue to the De—l, and rising from his chair, said he should give orders to his servants to have every thing in readiness, and would wish the company good night.

Mr. Forrest, likewise hastened his departure; his last visit, was always to his horse, for since he parted with his English servant, he trusted the care of it to no one exclusively, and was in a

great measure his own groom. A large English Spaniel, the companion of his travels, was likewise that of his horse, and lodged with him in the same stable.—These animals had a peculiar friendship for each other, which the horse manifested by suffering every kind of familiarity without impatience, and the dog by never failing to bring his bones a free and disinterested offering to his friend and companion; although the latter could not appreciate the value of a gift so little to his taste.

"There's a double portion for thee, my old boy," said Mr. Forrest, patting his horse on the neck, "thou and thy master are to distinguish themselves to-morrow, for the honor of their country."

Mr. Forrest really felt some eagerness for the sport, he never had seen a wolf hunt, and it was now become a

contest of honor. The glory of his country, and the approbation of Clara, were his double incentives.

"Shall so mere a clown," thought he "excel me in any thing but presumption?"

With such a spur in his head, he did not over sleep his hour; but was first in readiness at the Castle; where he found a very solid breakfast in readiness for the guests. The Baron mounted his English nag, which divided the admiration of the strangers, with the fleet and beautiful animal rode by Mr. Forrest.— The morning being fair, Clara now quite accustomed to her English mare, and very fond of her, proposed to join the party to the entrance of the forrest and see the chace begin; Antoine was ordered to attend her, and the party

set off. They were far on their way before it was observed that Mr. Forrest's spaniel had escaped from his confinement and was following.

"What is that an English dog that would pretend to hunt wolves too?" exclaimed the Count de Valvert, "Ah! Milord Anglois would do well to send him back, or the wolf will hunt him."

Mr. Forrest in effect endeavored to do so; but the poor animal, always accustomed to follow his master when he rode, after slinking back a little, persisted in returning, and gained his point as dogs as well as men, may do, by dint of perseverance. Meanwhile a wolf was found, the dogs opened to the cry of au-loup, and the chace began; Clara, already warmed with the exercise, was delighted with the onset; and requested

her father, to let her partake a little of the sport. The Baron, happy to afford her any gratification, and apprehending no danger, gave his consent. After about two hours running, a second wolf appeared; and the pack divided. Monsieur de Montfier, now proposed to his daughter to return, but she again solicited to stay a little longer, and again prevailed.

The first wolf, in the mean time, eluded the ardor of his pursuers, the pack were again collected, and the chace continued with renewed alacrity. The Baron himself felt some reluctance to relinquish the diversion.

" It is a sacrifice, my dear," said he to his daughter;" but you *must* return, and I *must* attend you, for I can no longer trust you to Antoine alone, uncertain as

we are, what is become of the other wolf."

Clara and her father then turned their horses, and, followed by Antoine rode gently on their way back. The short day was however far advanced, thick clouds arising anticipated its close. Some tall firs, intermingling their dusky green, with the thick though naked branches of the other trees rendered their route through a hollow glen, darkened by the surrounding hills, particularly gloomy, and gave an artificial night; there was not room for two to ride abreast; the Baron was some yards before, while Antoine had turned aside and alighted to adjust the girths of his saddle.—— Clara turning an angle of this winding and obscure path-way, was out of sight of both her conductors, when two men, rushing from the thicket seized her

horse by the bridle, and turning it aside, vanished in an instant among the entangled brakes.

Clara's cries gave the only notice of this cruel event and the only traces of her way—her father followed them, even more alarmed than if he had known their real cause; his terrified imagination, represented to him his darling and innocent child, torn by wild beasts; and calling with a loud but tremulous voice to Antoine, he dashed through the recent opening in the thicket. Antoine, either from awkwardness or alarm, did not immediately follow, and Clara owed her preservation chiefly to her own presence of mind. As the ruffians were leading the horse through the entangled branches, she caught hold of one of them, and as soon as she felt herself clear of the saddle let herself down, be-

fore the ravishers could perceive her escape; her father was at hand; they led off the horse and left the lady, nor did it appear which had first excited their cupidity.

Clara's cries directed the Baron to find her, he clasped her in his arms, in an agony of joy, thanking Heaven with the most fervent energy, for her speedy restoration: he seated her upon his horse; and being now joined by Antoine, they made the best of their way home. As soon as Clara could relate the particulars of her adventure, the Baron's surprize was almost equal to his late alarm; in vain did he seek to account for an attack so unprecedented in these regions of security and peace; but when she added, that the ferocious countenance of one of the robbers resembled that which had terrified her from the Chapel win-

dow: he concluded that he had some dangerous neighbours, against whose attacks it was necessary to be always prepared.

The other hunters did not return till a late hour, they were, however, too numerous to give rise to any alarm, on account of the ruffians above-mentioned, yet as other accidents might have befallen them, their arrival relieved their expecting friends from a considerable degree of anxiety. Each party had their hair-breadth *'scapes* to relate.

The events of the hunt were as follows:—The wolf we left the pack pursuing, ran with prodigious swiftness, and led the hunters a very long and difficult chace; as the day began to close, the Count de Valvert would have called off his dogs, there being always danger

A08·2

of the wolf's turning upon them at night-fall; but observing that Mr. Forrest was galloping on, one of the foremost, and most ardent in the chace, his prudence yielded to his apprehension of being conquered on his own ground, and he persisted against advice and experience to encourage the hounds.

Meanwhile the shades of evening gained fast upon them; the enraged and desperate animal hard pressed by his pursuers, suddenly veered about; the dogs to their eternal disgrace, fled before him, and while the two Counts in the utmost fury were endeavouring to rally them to their duty, the wolf with a spring darted at Mr. Forrest's sleek English spaniel, who, as usual, was running near him, and carried him off; the horse terrified at the approach of so terrible a foe, plunged, reared, and

became totally ungovernable. Mr. Forrest, who was an expert horseman, and by no means deficient, either in presence of mind or personal bravery; leap'd from his seat, and snatching a gun from one of the servants, pursued the wolf as he was carrying off his prey; afraid of wounding his favourite, Mr. Forrest durst not aim at the wolf's head, he fired almost at random, when the beast was at a considerable distance, and had the good fortune to break his legs; he fell, loosing his prey, and the forest echoed with his howlings; the other hunters coming up, he was speedily dispatched.

"Well done, *milord anglois*," bawled out the old Count, as he hastened to the spot, "I never saw a better thing."

Mr. Forrest was insensible to his triumph, and the applause it had excited,

in his anxiety for the fate of his favorite dog; he hastened to examine it; and found to complete his pleasure and his good fortune, that although so terrified as to appear lifeless, it had escaped material injury; his horse, however, not choosing to wait the event of the battle, had thought proper to decamp. Mr. Forrest persuaded that he would find his way home, was not very uneasy about him; yet as there was still a wolf at large in the vicinage, the rest of the party were well aware that there was danger of his being stopt on his route: when it was understood that he had not been seen or heard of, and the adventure that had befallen Clara related, it was conjectured, that the same ruffians had very probably fallen in with him, and much as both parties regretted their favorite nags, they yet derived some consolation from the idea, that they were

rather in the power of robbers who would cherish, than of wolves that would devour them.

The Count de Valvert was, nevertheless, very ill satisfied with the event of the day.

" Here," said he, " we have gained a wolfs skin, and lost two fine horses: a pretty job we have made of it."

" Never fret, mon papa," said his son," " *milord anglois* can easily send for more, I suppose if it was but spring he might soon have 'em. Is England further off than Paris mon papa?"—

" England is an island, as I have heard 'em say," replied the Count, "and the only way of going to it without crossing the sea is by way of Hol-

land, but that is a longful way to send for horses; however, we'll have these again if they are above ground.—Well, neighbour," turning to the Baron, "you see there's no rest for us: we have roused more wild beasts than any of us were aware of, we must about it and hunt them down,—*Diantre!* if they take our horses they'll have our dogs next, and we shall be eaten up with wolves indeed!—We must after 'em to-morrow."

The Baron readily assented to the expediency of the measure; and orders were accordingly dispatched for the peasants to be in readiness by break of day with whatever arms they could muster, to scour the woods, and rout, if possible, the concealed enemy. These were punctually obeyed, and the forest was beset the next morning from every part of the village: the search was con-

tinued till night-fall, unsuccessfully however as to the main object of it; the second wolf was indeed found and destroyed; but the fate of the poor horses was left with other mysteries for the hand of time to unravel.

CHAPTER V.

NO UNUSUAL END OF A MERRY MAKING.

After two days of such severe exercise, the third was given to festivity and welcome repose.

Mr. Forrest's courage and conduct, had procured him so much consideration, that it almost consoled him for the loss of an excellent and very valuable as well as favorite horse; for, as the young Count had observed, it was not irreparable; moreover Clara had complimented him upon the temper with which he bore it.

The Baron gave a handsome dinner, and the day was devoted to hilarity. Both the Counts made very free with the champagne; even Mr. Forrest, already in extraordinary spirits, forgot that it was headier than other wine, and pledged them so often that he was thrown totally off his guard. He became first merry, then noisy, and at length a little disputatious: he was no longer disposed to overlook the old Count's prejudices in favor of his ignorance; whenever the latter advanced as usual, absurd and unfounded opinions relative to English customs and manners; he contradicted him roughly and positively; used some French expressions rather improperly for want of understanding their full force, was pointed in his attentions to Clara, in short, in all respects so unlike his usual correct, and sober self, that the diversion of part of the company began

to change to something like alarm, when the arrival of the coffee restored peace and decorum.

It is the custom in France, when the mistress of the house quits the table, for all the company, men as well as ladies, to follow her example; and adjourn to the drawing-room, where they form their parties. When Clara arose, the old Count did not however stir from his seat; he never took coffee, and continued constant to his bottle; the Baron of course was obliged to remain, and the young Count who had risen, hastily re-seated himself. The old gentleman tossing off a goblet of wine, began vehemently to exclaim against Mr. Forrest, he told his son that it behoved him to call the Englishman to account as a rival both in love and glory; he stammered out some incoherent expressions of resent-

ment against the Baron, for the preference he suspected to be paid to a stranger, to the detriment of a son of his illustrious line; in short he was at that period of ebriety, when men are usually very incomprehensible and very ill-humoured, when they understand every thing amiss, and cannot make themselves intelligible at all. The Baron having with difficulty discovered the meaning of his guest, with still greater pains, endeavoured to convince him of his mistake, he however soon found that reason for this purpose was ineffectual; another bottle of champagne did the business, it restored him to good humour and confidence, and he parted with Mr. Forrest in the evening, without coming to an open rupture.

When Clara retired to her apartment, she found her waiting-maid giggling by herself, and for some minutes incapa-

ble of explaining the subject of her merriment.

"Oh! Mademoiselle!" at length she exclaimed, "you will never forgive me, I beg you ten thousand pardons for presuming to be your rival; indeed it was the furthest from my thoughts of any thing in the world; but while you were playing at billiards with the Abbé and Mr. Forrest after dinner, the young Count paid me a visit here; he said, I was the prettiest girl he had ever seen, without exception;—mark that Mademoiselle; he made me the most brilliant offers, in short, he told me plainly—for I was determined he should explain himself to prevent mistakes, that he would take you to please his father, but me to please himself."

"He is quite in the right in his pre-

ference," returned Clara, "he is certainly a much fitter match for the maid than the mistress; could we not bring it about, Thèrése? I will lend you a cap and gown, and you shall take my place."

"You are very good Mademoiselle," answered Thèrése, "but I thank you, I had rather not."

"What, not to be a Countess, Thèrése?"

"No, Mademoiselle, nor yet to be a Duchess; when I step out of my station, which by the way I do not take to be a very desirable thing, I must have a more engaging partner to take me by the hand. I believe I make no bad figure in my proper sphere; but do not think I should shine very bright as a Countess, even by such a Count as that."

"I am very glad you think so justly," said Clara, "and have so much good sense: my papa often says, that every one is best in their proper sphere; and that those who soar too much above it, as often miss their aim of happiness, as those who sink too far below it."

"Well then, Mademoiselle, you forgive me, I perceive, and will not sleep the worse for the infidelity and stupidity of your Count?"

The strangers remained ten days longer at the Castle, during which the visits of Mr. Forrest there were much shorter and less frequent. They usually hunted two days out of three, the intermediate time hung heavy upon their hands; the first impulse of novelty over, they did not amuse their hosts, but on the contrary, prevented them from amusing them-

selves. The young Count was unfortunate in his amours, and could boast of no greater success with the maid than with the mistress; in short they departed without their errand and without exciting the smallest degree of regret. The rational amusements their visit had interrupted, were resumed with renewed alacrity; and their relish much increased by this short suspension.

CHAPTER VI.

MOTHER GOOSE'S TALES.

A few days after the departure of the visitors, Mr. Forrest was observed very much engaged with one of the children's books, and so intent upon the perusal of it, that he had been several times addressed without noticing or answering what was said to him.

"What you can possibly have met with to interest you so much in that infantine book, my good friend;" said the Baron, "I am quite at a loss to conjecture; do pray inform us."

"It is Mother Goose's Tales, papa," said Basil, looking over the reader, "is it not a very pretty book, Mr. Forrest?"

"You smile, Monsieur le Baron," said the latter, "but I am quite of the child's opinion. I am extremely entertained with it, as you may perceive: we have a wretched English translation; which just gives the matter, but has lost all the spirit of the original, and cannot convey the smallest idea of its merit; it possesses indeed a *naiveté*, so truly humorous; as it would perhaps be impossible to convey in other words, much less in another language."

"The author relates his marvellous adventures in a style of such arch simplicity as throws the most pointed ridicule, on the bombastic expressions, in which many of our modern writers,

trick out and endeavour to disguise, their poverty of images, their puerile conceits, and their nothings. From the very wildest and most fantastick of his narrations, he has the ingenuity to deduce some instructive moral, neatly and agreeably expressed, in what appears to me no contemptible verse. The poetical compliment which concludes the dedication, first induced me to read on; it is certainly not destitute of elegance:

"Pouvois-je mieux choisir pour rendre semblable
"Ce que la fable a d'incroyable?
"Et jamais Fée au tems jadis,
"Fit elle a jeune Creature,
"Plus de dons, et de dons exquis,
"Que vous en a fait la nature?"

To make my fable seem like truth,
Could I have chosen better?
For never Fairy gifted youth,
Intent to please a royal pair,
With charms more exquisitely rare,
Than you, has gifted nature.

"You doubtless recollect the story of Riquet with the tuft, who was compensated, for unusual deformity of person, by every solid beauty of the mind; and had the power of conferring the same advantages on the female, whoever she might be, that would consent to espouse him: the happy object proves to be a beautiful idiot; but having likewise by the gift of a benevolent fairy, the enviable faculty of endowing with personal attractions the object of her election: the exchange is made to their mutual satisfaction, as I hope you recollect.— After laughing very heartily at the bustle of the cooks in the subterraneous kitchen, who were preparing the Princess's wedding dinner when she and the reader least expect it; I arrived at the morals; the first runs thus:"

"Ce que l'on voit dans cet ecrit,
"Est moins un conte que la verité même;
"Tout est beau dans ce que l'on aime,
"Tout ce-qu'on aime, a de l'esprit."

This tale is not a castle in the air,
But to reality has just pretence,
The object that we love is always fair,
The beauty lov'd has ever wit and sense.

"That is not amiss," said the Baron, "but the moral is obvious, and needs no illustration; but what is to be said for little Red riding-hood? A poor child going to see her aged grandmother, and acquitting herself punctually of her duty, is made to be devoured by a wolf. What moral or meaning can you make out of this silly story? had little Red riding-hood been a naughty girl, who went without leave, played by the way, instead of hastening to acquit herself of her commission; or been in any manner to

blame; the wolf might have had some hold of her, and the author a useful lesson for his little readers."

"The subject is not promising, I allow," said Mr. Forrest, "and presents some difficulties; but hold, you shall hear the author speak for himself:"

"On voit ici que de jeunes enfans
"Surtout de jeunes filles,
"Belles, bien faites, et gentilles,
"Font bien mal d'ecouter toute sorte de gens,
"Et que ce n'est pas chose etrange
"S'il y'en a tant que le loup mange;
"Je dit le loup, car tout les loups
"Ne sont pas de la même sorte;
"Il y'en a d'un humeur accorte
"Sans bruit, sans fiel, et sans courroux,
"Qui privé's, complaisans, et doux,
"Suivent les jeunes demoiselles,
"Jusque dans les maisons, jusque dans les ruelles,
"Mais helas! qui ne sait que ces loups doucereux
"De tout les loups, sont les plus dangereux?"

That maidens should be more discreet
 Than thus to lend a list'ning ear,
To ev'ry loiterer they meet,
 Is by our history made clear:
  Nor is it stange,
  That such as range,
The wolf should ev'ry day devour:
Not ev'ry wolf without disguise,
Shews his long teeth and gloting eyes,
And fangs and fierce destructive pow'r.

There is a very courteous sort,
That follow where the fair resort,
 Like spaniels ever at their call;
But these that seem so soft and tame,
Clad in the fleeces of a lamb;
 Are the most dangerous of all."

"My sons will be much obliged to you, Mr. Forrest," said the Baron, "for undertaking the defence of a favorite author."

"And your daughter for a very useful lesson, Papa," said Clara, "though, this is not the first of the kind Mr. Forrest has given me; I have been taught by him in several instances, to strip tawdry affectation of its borrowed plumes, and discover the conceited jackdaw, swelling with pride and emptiness, as well as to discern merit where a very lowly exterior would perhaps have deterred me from seeking it; and further, not to disdain the instruction and amusement often to be found in books written professedly for children—however I *do* claim the merit of having always continued to admire the story of Beauty and the Beast."

CHAPTER VII.

THE ICE BREAKS.

Thus between benevolent exertions, agreeable trifling, love and Philosophy; the hours of winter fled away as if the lightest zephyrs of spring had given them chace.

The frost gave way, mild showers and soft sun-shine succeded; snow drops, and crocuses ventured to peep from their shelter; while every one wondered at the shortness of the winter.

"When will you send to Saumur for letters, Papa?" said Clara.

"My dear," he replied, "we must necessarily have patience for at least a fortnight longer; I have been trying the road myself this morning; but it will not do—you may rest assured that I shall take the earliest opportunity."

The term fixt by the Baron, at length drew to a period; but it had appeared longer to Clara, than the whole preceding winter.

Mr. Forrest being one evening at the Castle, she expressed some little uneasiness at the lowering aspect of the sky.

"My dear," said her father, "Mr. Forrest can have a bed here, if the rain should be serious."

"Yes, Papa, I know that very well; but the roads will be still so bad, that you will not be able to send after the letters to-morrow, as you proposed."

"Mademoiselle has probably some correspondent from whom she is anxious to hear?" said Mr. Forrest, in a tone of voice, that seemed to indicate some little anxiety in himself. "I too should be glad to hear, if it is peace or war in the busy world.—Monsieur le Baron, can I have your horse to-morrow for a ride?"—

Mr. Forrest, rode the Barons nag home that night; he had not made any parade of his intentions; or indeed hinted at them at all; but very early the next morning, he set off for Saumur; the first to beat the dangerous and difficult way; in order to bring to Clara tidings

of a person, he could not help regarding as a rival.

We shall spare the reader the particulars of this quixotic expedition, which in going and returning took up several days; suffice it to say, that after fording rivers, . clambering precipices, wading marshes, dashing through, or sticking in the clay, and running twenty times the hazard of his neck, he arrived at length in safety at the Castle, well fraught with letters and mire: having delivered his horse to the groom, and his dispatches to Antoine, he was setting off in all haste to get rid of his tenacious clay, and make himself more fit to appear in good company; but the news of his arrival had reached the salloon, messenger after messenger, was dispatched in his pursuit; and the little boys, overtaking him, led him back in triumph.

"I'll send to the presbytery for whatever you want," said the Baron to him; "but here you must spend the night."

Meanwhile the letters were unsealed with great eagerness and delight. From the Chevalier there were several, all satisfactory in regard to the health of the writer; but not one of them entering into any detail either of his situation or pursuits The last in date appeared to have been sent by the same vessel as some presents which it announced; namely fruit and sweetmeats for his uncle, and the Baron, and a parrot for Mademoiselle Clara.

There were likewise letters from the Presidente de Blanville, the Baron's only sister, who resided in Paris; these were filled with complaints, of weak health of low spirits; and of a separation on the

point of taking place, between herself and her only daughter, Madame du Quesnoy. This Lady although she had now been married above three years, had continued to reside under her mother's roof; a circumstance very usual in France; but the recent death of her Father-in-law, putting her husband into possession of a fine hotel in Paris, and a great increase of income, the young couple were about to establish themselves upon their own foundation. Madame de Blanville, concluded this relation, with an earnest request, that her neice, whom she had never seen, might be permitted to come to Paris and spend some time with her.

She added that it was her intention to pay her brother a visit in the summer as besides her earnest desire to see her relations, she thought the country air

might be of service to her health; but how to accomplish this purpose over so many miles of a road impracticable for a wheel carriage, she, that could upon no account venture on horseback, it was hard to devise; the only expedient, she could think of, was a litter, which perhaps her eagerness to see her relations might induce her to try."

Mr. Forrest's return, after his short absence, no less than the intelligence he had procured of other friends, to the secluded circle, inspired the most heartfelt satisfaction. He had likewise brought letters for the Abbé, from his literary and other friends, the latter, with the good Curé, hastened to join the party, and the evening was devoted to social enjoyment,—

Rural œconomy was now resumed, the season proved forward and favorable, and the Baron and his English friend were early and late in the field. Clara mounted upon her *Mignon*, and the little boys on their nag asses, sometimes attended, particularly if any experiment was to be made, or new plan of husbandry adopted. The Peasants encouraged by the interest, their labors appeared to excite, redoubled their industry and efforts; and toil wore the smile of relaxation. Mr. Forrest was never without a Thomson's Seasons in his pocket; to this frequent reference was made, for both the Baron and his daughter were by this time well qualified to read and to feel its beauties, thus the enthusiasm of the poet, strewed with flowers, the path of the philosopher.

Our Englishman no longer talked of returning, indeed, he hardly knew what

were his projects, or rather in the society he was permitted so freely to enjoy, he forgot to form any: he sometimes thought, when he allowed himself to reflect upon his situation, that he could be well content, to spend his whole life in the same manner, provided no happier rival enjoyed the felicity, to which he did not himself presume to aspire.

Meanwhile the roads became passable, and proper measures were taken for the safe conveyance of the Chevalier's presents: They arrived first at the presbytery and Mr. Forrest taking possession of the parrot went himself to present it to Clara— When she would have taken it from him, the bird alarmed, fluttered and cried out "Oh the poor Chevalier."—

This was always his manner of complaining when disturbed; and when perfectly

at ease, it was his delight to repeat, "fair mistress, sweet Clara, or, *douce amie*, sweet Friend."

"The bird is well tutored, Mademoselle," said Mr. Forrest on hearing its little stock of language, "does it not remind you of *Slender* in the play we were reading this morning, continually repeating "sweet Anne Page"?

"I cannot say," returned Clara, "that the idea of Slender, was precisely what presented itself to my mind"—and she supprest a sigh; which if it escaped her own observation, could not elude that of Mr. Forrest; he sighed more audibly, and felt no further inclination to banter.

The Parrot, the first of its species that ever had appeared at Montfier, was an object of general curiosity and asto-

nishment, a Phœnix would not have excited more interest. From far and near, men, women, and children, old and young, crowded to see and to hear him—some admired his beauty, some his wit: while the simple effusions of surprize of the good villagers, were a new source of entertainment to the benevolent inhabitants of the Castle. Yet were there not wanting some invidious persons, to whom poor Poll's talents were a subject of scandal; and who privately whispered that he had dealings with the devil.

Neither ignorance nor malignity could however depreciate his merits at the Castle or prevent his becoming a general favorite; with whom every one was ambitious to be a favorite in return; no one however succeeded so well as Clara; nor it must be confest did any one

take so much pains. The Chevalier, for so the general consent had named him, was indeed—

"The fav'rite subject of her gentle reign,
"By love alone distinguish'd from the rest."

Whenever his mistress carest him, he would appear delighted, recline his little head on her bosom, and repeat in a plaintive accent—"Oh the poor Chevalier!"

Such a present could not but be very delightful to her. She pleased herself with imagining, that she had now a companion with whom to converse of a dear and absent friend, a friend, for whom she cherished an enthusiastick attachment; though she believed him irreparably lost to her, and had never formed an idea of any intercourse closer or more endearing than that which had already subsisted between them, and

whose remembrance was a continual source of painful pleasure, while its renewal, would have been, to her innocent heart the summit of all earthly felicity: Of marriage she never thought at all with any inclination to enter that state: inexperienced as she was, she yet was fully sensible of her happiness in a Father, and she would have looked with horror upon any change of situation that was to separate her, and place her at a distance from his cherished arms.

The invitation to Clara from the Presidente de Blanville; was a subject of deep debate. Monsieur de Montfier, at length told his daughter, that he thought it would be wrong to refuse it.

"It would be in a manner forbidding my sister's visit here, my dear child,"

said he, " moreover a little insight into the world, would have its advantage for you; and however a separation may be painful to me, yet there are circumstances wherein we should be ready to sacrifice our inclination to emergencies and to the wishes of others; and I rather think this is one of them; do however as you please, you are your own mistress, Clara."

" Indeed Papa, I should be very sorry to be so," she replied, " your will is mine; condescend to direct me; but let me make one condition; if I am to go to Paris, do not let it be without my Papa; why could not you conduct me?"

The Baron affectionately embracing his daughter, said, he would take her proposal into consideration, and endeavour to put his affairs in such a way, as they

might easily retain for a few months, without his immediate interference. He then wrote an affectionate answer to his sister, pressing her to hasten her intended visit, and settling a plan for her conveyance from Saumur, where he promised to meet her and be her escort.

CHAPTER VIII.

BIRDS, BIRDS' NESTS,

AND OTHER MOMENTOUS MATTERS.

The months of March and April glided imperceptibly away, leaving the country gay with flowers and verdure. Mr. Forrest enjoyed the highest delight of a benevolent mind, in witnessing the luxuriant growth of many useful plants and roots, unknown to the inhabitants till his introduction, and which could not fail of adding materially to their comforts and enjoyments.

The weather was now sufficiently mild to invite to amusement in the octagon bower so often alluded to. The hawthorne and seringa's were in full bloom, the woodbine and roses beginning to expand, and some scattered violets concealed beneath the thick underwood, yet perfuming the air. The nightingale and cuckoo had some time been arrived; it was towards the second or third of May, and the little circle repaired to the arbor in the wood to enjoy the delights of the season. After a pause of some minutes, devoted to silent admiration of the surrounding scenery, the Baron requested his daughter to give her last new song, an imitation from the German, and immediately complying, she sung as follows:—

SONG.

MAY.

Oh! sweetest month of all the year,
The Muses cherish'd May,
When Philomel delights the ear,
And all creation's gay;
The town I leave with all its noise
Its vain and empty show,
To taste awhile the purer joys,
Thy verdant scenes bestow.

Along a river smooth and clear,
As pensively I stray,
A shady thicket whispers near,
What gentle zephyrs say;
Love dwells within the secret bow'r,
From prying eyes remote,
I hear his voice, I trace his pow'r,
In ev'ry warb'lers throat.

Intent on their domestic care,
Caressing and carest,
There flutter'd near a happy pair,
Weaving their mossy nest;

So busily were ye employ'd,
Sweet tenants of the shade;
Hardly the stranger guest annoy'd,
That long'd to give you aid.

Oh child of Heav'n! delightful May,
Still tarry with us here;
Still with thy breath perfume our way,
Our meads yet longer chear;
And when thy grateful task is done,
As needs thou must give place,
Still may I, as I rove alone
Thy flow'ry footsteps trace.

"Many thanks, Mademoiselle," said Mr. Forrest to Clara as she concluded, "The nightingale is endeavouring to rival you, but in vain:" "Oh certainly," returned she gaily, "nevertheless I must request of you for her, the same silence and attention with which you have just honoured me, for I have a particular pleasure in attending to her."

Mr. Forrest bowed in acquiescence, and the company were all attention to the melody of nature till interrupted by the little boys, who came running in high glee, calling out, that they had found a thrush's nest, with the hen bird sitting. Clara hastened to prevent her being disturbed, and beheld with wonder and delight, the assiduity of the poor mother, which not even the unusual and terrific approach of so many strangers could alarm from her task. The children were enjoined to leave her unmolested, and promised in reward of their forbearance, that they should be allowed to take the young when almost ready to fly.

"I know a tune upon the flagelet, papa," said Basil, "that Antoine taught me, I can soon teach it to the young birds, and sister shall have one, and Mr.

Forrest shall have one; and we will send one to the poor Chevalier for his parrot."

"You are reckoning your chickens before they are hatched, Basil," said his father, as the child trotted along delighted with the pleasures he anticipated," but no matter, in so doing you have them according to your own fancy, which it is a great chance if they turn out. Three singing birds out of one nest, would be a great many; don't you know that only the male sings?"—

"Is not sister a female," returned the child, "yet she sings?"

"Yes," said Isidore, "and better than Mr. Forrest, or the Abbé either, for all they are males!"

"You are right, my dear children," said the Baron, endeavouring not to laugh, "but nature in the human and the feathered species does not operate in the same manner; a woman is usually a much more beautiful object than a man, and is likewise, as you know, arrayed in gayer attire; and has moreover a much sweeter voice; it is far otherwise with birds, among which, the males have always the liveliest plumage and the sweetest note: few females sing at all."

"What then are they good for?" enquired Isidore.

"You have already witnessed," answered the Baron. "Have you not seen how assiduous the one we discovered was in her maternal cares, that not even her fears for her own safety could urge her to neglect them? When her little brood are

hatched, she will be as attentive to their preservation as she has been to their production. — She has her merit Isidore, although she does not sing."

"For my part," said Isidore, "I would rather have a bird to breed young ones than to sing; so Basil may have all the he birds, if he will, and I'll take the she's."

"Oh! but I shan't agree to that sir," returned Basil, "there are two words to that bargain. I am sure the she bird has the most valuable part of the business,—for of what use is singing after all?"

"What amuses agreeably and innocently my dear boy," said the Baron, "is certainly of use, though you are perfectly right in regarding it in an inferior point

of view to what is necessary and beneficial.'"

"Your son would be shocked, sir," said Mr. Forrest, "were he to be told the high price of singing in the polite world; and how much dearer men will pay for amusement than instruction; for luxuries than for necessaries; for things that are many times noxious to them, than for such as are of certain use and benefit."

"I was just going to say," returned the Baron, "that I would set the Abbé upon you for your irreverent mention of the fine arts, and here he comes to join us—*Allons* Monsieur l'Abbé, hasten your pace, here is a heterodox Englishman, (they must be so, in some point or other you know,) who cries out upon the *cog-*

noscenti for paying a single singer more than would maintain a dozen Divines."

" Divines, Sir," said the Abbé approaching, " do not or should not work for hire; at least, it is not to be their spring of action. As to every other species of excellence, the public, the enlightened part of it, I mean, have a most undoubted right to pay according to their taste and their means."

" Oh! their right Sir," said Mr. Forrest, " no one pretends to deny. We live in an age when the right to be unreasonable is clearly established. However it is not Divines alone, since you give up their cause, who have reason or a right to complain of this marked preference for what tickles the sense. How many excellent writers spend their days in penury and obscurity, while the vota-

ries of fashion so extravagantly reward a fine dancer, a fine singer, or an extraordinary performer on any instrument?"

"That is most indisputably true," returned the Abbé, "and in the actual situation of things I do not see how it can be otherwise. The literary man naturally affects solitude; he buries himself in his closet; the more solid merit he possesses, the less he seeks to be obtrusive. His labors committed to the press, unless favored by extraordinary events, circulate slowly and gradually, and are confined to that small minority who read and think; these too have usually the same habits, and are seldom either rich or powerful, of course cannot be very magnificent patrons. The musician, the dancer, and singer, must necessarily appear in public, most of which, as the epigram says, "have

either ears or eyes, though very few have brains."—They are admired, they are courted and followed, and they raise their price. And why should they not? meanwhile the genius remains at home repining at the injustice of the world, which has not discovered or dug him out of his hole, when perhaps, not twenty people in it, knew of his existence."

"Or would notice him if they did," replied the Baron—"While such as have little of his merit and still less of his modesty, drive, perhaps, a thriving trade upon some gleanings from him dexterously arranged so as to hit the prevailing fancy, and puffed by those who set the fashions in opinion,—the *petit-maitres* of literature, and its self created despots."

"We have in England," said Mr. Forrest, "a number of these self-created and tyrannical despots, styling themselves reviewers, who are a crying evil. These decide upon the merit of authors, sometimes without even reading their works, and frequently without being at all competent to judge of them; and the public, some from indolence, and some from incapacity, submit to their decrees as implicitly as if they were as infallible as they ought to be impartial."

"I was some time weak enough to be governed by their decisions; I bought books they had highly extolled, and found them totally destitute of merit; others which they had either passed over with contempt, or condemned with unqualified censure, having afterwards fallen by chance in my way, proved to

possess a considerable share. At length, I determined to take their decisions by contraries and can assure you, that I was much oftener right."

"Sometimes I discovered, that it was the writer and not the book that was past in review; sometimes it was his party, if he was known or suspected to be of any, and not unfrequently the name of his publisher. Success was occasionally a very heinous offence, I have known a poor Author most cruelly bespattered because his work had run rapidly through several editions, the envy of the critic at once arraigning the public and the writer it favored: In short, repeated observation and experience convinced me, that these invisible, inquisitorial courts of judicature, were of all courts the most corrupt and the most venal; I therefore threw them aside and determined to review for myself."

"Our Journalists," said the Baron, "act very much upon the same plan; they puff their partizans and each other, and brow beat and vilify all who are likely to eclipse their talents, or to interfere with their interests. I am sorry to observe that works of a religious or moral tendency, fall so generally under their censures, as such numbers are content to be hoodwinked and directed by them. We have a sect who call themselves philosophers, and are most unworthy of the name. They are usurpers, which it is to be hoped time and reason will dethrone; but ere such gentle and gradual opposers can prevail, much mischief, may be done."

CHAPTER IX.

UNEXPECTED NEWS.

A few days after this conversation—and exactly a twelvemonth from the Chevalier du Plessis's arrival at the village, the year before; Clara recollecting the circumstance, was sitting pensively over her work; when her parrot, who was perched on the window gave his usual cry of alarm, "Oh the poor Chevalier!" and flew to his mistress for protection. Mr. Forrest, whose sudden appearance had accasioned his terror, now made his entrance and his obedience.

" I have a great mind to be very angry with you," said Clara, caressing her parrot, " for frightening my poor bird."

" You would not be so long, Mademoiselle," returned he, " I am furnished with too good an apology—see here! I bring you letters from St. Domingo."

" Oh! the poor Chevalier:" repeated the parrot, for Clara rising hastily to run to her Father with the welcome intelligence, had again disturbed him.

" I shall be glad to hear that your friend is well, Mademoiselle, " said Mr. Forrest," I am going with Guillot to look at the clover, and will call on my return."

Clara ran eagerly to her father, and found him in his study, the packet was immediately unclosed, the Baron read to himself; he seemed uneasy. Clara trembling with impatience and anxiety, at length ventured to ask, " If there was bad news? Is the poor Chevalier ill my dear Sir?" said she, " No my child," answered the Baron, " he is only married."—

Although our fair heroine, as has already been observed, never considered the Chevalier in the light of a Lover; she was yet thunderstruck at this intelligence. The Baron himself was astonished and not at all pleased.

" It seems such a hasty engagement," said he, " and so very unlike what I should have expected of my friend—— he speaks of it *so* lightly. How can a man of his way of thinking treat such

a change of state as a matter of no importance, and speak of it as indifferently, as of paying a visit?—There is something in it, I cannot comprehend."

Clara listened to this, and to much more of her father's comments, without uttering a word; and when at length, he arose, and walked about the room in evident agitation, she retired to her own, and having a little recovered the first shock of her surprize, she began to call herself, to account, why she felt dejected?—

"Alas! what is it to me?" said she communing with herself, "if our poor friend is happy, ought not I to be content? yes certainly,—but I fear my Papa thinks he is not so—it is that which affects me; O yes, it is nothing else.—Oh! the poor Chevalier indeed! as my bird says he

has perhaps married in compliance with the ambitious views of his father, a woman incapable of appreciating his worth. Oh the poor Chevalier!—why had not such a son, such a father as mine?"

Clara's tears fell fast upon the picture of St. Lewis, and she persuaded herself that their source was no other than the apprehension, that the Chevalier was less happy than she wished him, and than he deserved to be.

She was in this situation when her maid hastily entered the apartment, so eager to communicate some fresh intelligence, that she overlooked her mistress's disorder.

"Oh Mademoiselle!" she exclaimed, "La Roche has written at last,—you will

never believe it,—the Chevalier du Plessis is married!—married all of such a hurry!—not even La Roche was in the secret; he says, his master was tricked into the match; and calls the lady's mother all to pieces.—Oh! Mademoiselle, you never heard such a story; La Roche is furious; he says, he had like to have been caught too; but he hates every thing that is not French, and likes nothing that is so, except me—Oh! Mademoiselle, if poor La Roche had been kidnapped by one of those nasty, black, tawny mulatto women, I should have gone stark staring mad."

Thèrése ran on a great deal more; her mistress was far too shocked to interrupt her; at length recollecting herself, she enquired of her waiting woman, "if she had any objection to communicate

the letter which was said to contain such strange particulars?

"I should like to have my Papa's opinion of it Thèrése" said she.

This last was very unwilling to expose the style and orthography of her correspondent; which she was conscious were not perfectly correct; nevertheless she complied, and Clara flew with this unpleasant confirmation of her apprehensions to her father. The valets account of his masters wedding, and his own comments upon the affair, ill written and worse exprest far from elucidating, enveloped the whole in greater mystery than before; and still augmented the surprize and concern of the Chevalier's friends. Of the writer's meaning, nothing could be very clearly made out, except the suddenness of his

master's marriage, his own disapprobation of it and abuse of the lady's mother.

When Mr. Forrest returned, he found every countenance so overcast, that he was almost afraid to enquire the cause.

The Baron on his part would not have mentioned the mysterious circumstances that seemed to attend the marriage of his friend; but from a conviction, that considering the channel from whence the information flowed, it could not possibly remain a secret long. He therefore thought it expedient to put the best face he could upon the matter, and to speak of it first: he took Mr. Forrest aside, and proposing to him to take a turn in the garden, he entered upon the subject himself.

" The letters you brought· my dear Sir," said he, " have given us the greatest anxiety. Our young friend is married; and in a manner so sudden, so surprising and unaccountable to us, that it has given rise to conjectures the most distressing; and to the greatest apprehensions for his future happiness."

" Has he then married beneath him?" enquired Mr. Forrest, in vain attempting to disguise to his own goodness of heart, that he was glad to understand his rival disposed of at any rate.

" Not so," answered the Baron, " the lady has rank and fortune."

" Old enough to be his mother, I suppose?" said Mr. Forrest.

" She is said to be both young and beautiful," returned Monsieur de Montfier.

"In what then has he done so much amiss?"

The Baron hesitated a little ere he answered this question; yet reflecting how much his English friend, was worthy of his confidence; he explained all that he could explain of the circumstances attending the Chevalier's marriage. Mr. Forrest was far too generous not to participate in the concern of his friends; he attended the Baron to the house of Monsieur du Plessis, who likewise had received letters from his nephew; these were however even less explicit than those we have already noticed.—Each looked to the other for explanations that neither could give: the good Curé said little, for he was deeply affected; till now he had ever nourished a secret hope, that the lovely, accomplished, and virtuous daughter of his friend, would one day be his niece.

CHAPTER X.

A FABLE.

The first impressions of concern for the late unfavorable accounts from St. Domingo, were giving way to time and reason. The Baron had written a congratulatory letter to the new married man, which cost him some pains to compose; the Curé of course, had done the same, and the letters being dispatched to the post town, the messenger found there others in waiting and brought them back.

These were from the Countess de Blanville, more usually stiled the Presidente,

her late husband having been President of a Court of Judicature, and announced, that she would set out from Paris as soon as she had notice of their being safely received, and would then forward a messenger to fix a time for her brother to meet her at Saumur. Active preparations for the reception of this lady, proved a fortunate diversion to the late uneasiness. Clara found much relief in decorating an apartment for her aunt, and in setting off her flower garden to the best advantage. The boys talked of her incessantly; enjoyed by anticipation the fine things they supposed she would bring them from Paris; and applied themselves to their studies with redoubled assiduity, in order not to appear deficient or like ignorant country lads, when she arrived.

"Sister, sister," said Isidore, hastily running to Clara's apartment, one morn-

ing," do pray hear me my new English fable, which Mr. Forrest has been teaching me to say to my aunt, when she comes; it is all about your canary-bird, sister."

The child then setting himself in great form and order; gave his book to his sister, and repeated as follows:—

THE CANARY BIRD AND SPARROW.

A FABLE.

A cage with silver wires entwin'd,
A beauteous prisoner confin'd;
His plumage of the brightest dye
Might with the gay Narcissus vie;
And on his little head was set,
Amid the down a crown of jet:
With the same hue his wings were fring'd,
And here and there his pinion ting'd
With tints so exquisitely done,
They show'd like spots upon the Sun—

The fragrant gale of morn to taste,
The bird was in the window plac'd;
And there from perch to perch he sprung,
And trick'd his plumes and sweetly sung.
A Sparrow envying his state,
Drew near, and on his prison sate;
"Poor captive!" said the sprightly dunce,
"I too was tame and captive once;
"Confin'd to discipline and rule,
"And lectur'd like a boy at school;
"True I was cherish'd with much care,
"And shelter'd both from want and snare;
"But oh! such dull felicity,
"Was not for such a buck as me:
"The window left ajar one day,
"I seiz'd the time and flew away.
"Free as my element the air,
"I roam as void of thought as care:
"A free-booter, what e'er I find
"I take, and no restrictions mind;
"The Swallow makes me cubby houses,
"And ev'ry fair I meet my spouse is.
"Nothing I do, and always play,
"My life is one long holiday."

" I envy not," the captive said,
" Your idleness and empty head;
" See how *I* lodge, and how *I'm* fed!
" The slight restraints impos'd on me,
" Inhance the joys of liberty;
" My mistress sings her airs so sweet,
" Which I endeavour to repeat;
" Such lessons I to play prefer,
" Oh! I love to learn of her!
" Often rewarded with a kiss,
" More sweet than biscuit, oh the bliss!
" Words of two tongues I know by rote,
" And whistle tunes, besides my note;
" Strangers to hear my talents crowd,
" They make my very mistress proud.
" Soon as the nice desert I spy,
" My cage is ope, and who but I?
" I hop and perch where'er I please,
" Taste of each dainty at my ease,
" And happy is the favor'd hand,
" Where I, familiar take my stand:
" So, Mr. Sparrow, you may roam,
" I love my knowledge and my home."

" You talk like one of narrow mind,
" Whose views are like his ways confin'd,

Replied the truant, " Come with me,
" And taste the joys of liberty;
" But give me of that shining food,
" That looks so tempting nice and good,
" For if the truth must out at last,
" As yet, I have not broke my fast."
While yet he spoke, some crumbs of bread,
Below were for the chicken spread;
He saw, and eagerly alighted,
To take the stolen meal delighted;
But puss was watching in the way,
And seiz'd him as her lawful prey.
The warbler saw the event with pain,
And to this moral tun'd his strain:
" Happy restraints reserv'd for me,
" Which keep me to distress a stranger,
" Oh! happy prison that sets free,
" From vice, from misery and danger."

" 'Tis very well indeed," said Clara, embracing the little orator; " but pray desire Mr. Forrest the next time he writes a fable to choose for his hero, rather

my parrot than my canary bird: he might then find much more, I think, to enlarge upon. Poor *Petit-fils*, has but a very slender stock of words, while the Chevalier really seems to have ideas."

Away flew Isidore to his master, with an account of what his sister had said, Mr. Forrest immediately attended him back.

"I beg your pardon, Mademoiselle," said he, "for differing from you in opinion; but a speaking canary bird, is to me a phenomenon so much above a parrot; that I thought he was by far the most distinguished personage, and the most worthy of being first introduced to the notice of Madame your Aunt; nevertheless, if you choose that I should alter the fable, the task will not be difficult, above all, if it is imposed by you."

"By no means," said Clara, "I am a convert to your opinion. *Petit-fils*, is perhaps as you say, a personage of more merit in his species; I hope my aunt will not fall in love with him; for in that case, I should think myself obliged to offer him to her acceptance; and I own it would be a sacrifice to me to part with him; he has been so apt a scholar, that he has gained upon my affections; and I could not give him up without regret."

"You hear, Isidore," said Mr. Forrest, "why the bird is so great a favorite with Mademoiselle your sister; it is because he is an apt scholar and attentive to his lessons."

"And am not I an apt scholar? rejoined the child," sure I have learned

my fable very soon,—here is my brother I do not think he knows his."—

Basil walked into the room, with his book in his hand, and an air of such gravity and importance as set his sister a laughing.

"Your brother," said she to him, "has been repeating to me an English fable so well, that I understood every word of it: have you not learned it too?"——

"It is a very childish thing" said Basil, "Mr. Forrest has given me an allegory, not quite so soon learned; however I shall be able to say it to my Aunt when she comes—Isidore would not understand it at all."

"Since you are become on a sudden so manly," said his sister, "I hope you

will leave off rolling upon the ground with the dogs, and above all, setting them to hunt the sheep; and also throwing stones at the birds and poultry: there is nothing manly in all this Basil, you are but a very little wiser and stronger than the poor animals you annoy, and were you a great deal so, you would not then be so proud of your advantage, or use it so ungenerously;—nothing my Papa says, betrays weakness more than tyranny."

Basil hung his head at this reproof, and slunk behind his sister's chair, where he carrest her parrot by way of making friends—Isidore creeping up to him, whispered, that he was sure Mr. Forrest did not love the parrot, for that he had called him a nasty thing, only because the poor Chevalier had just given him a little bite, when Mr. Forrest was offering him sugar.

"Whats that Isidore?" said Mr. Forrest, overhearing him, "Oh! pray do not say that I dislike the Chevalier Parrot; I have the greatest respect for him, but take care, he may perhaps tell tales too, and he may learn fables; you must mind what you are about, for if he proves the apter scholar, I may not only like him; but like him better than you."

CHAPTER XI.

A PARISIAN FINE LADY.

The important day at length arrived, when the Presidente de Blanville was to astonish and confound the inhabitants of Montfier, with her beauty, her graces, and her Parisian *ton* and domesticks.—the Baron had carefully provided for her accommodation, and she arrived at the Castle about eight o'clock on a fine summer's evening, not too fatigued to sup with a good appetite, and to enjoy her usual card party afterwards, without

which last, she declared, "it would be impossible to her to close her eyes."

The Presidente, now upon the verge of fifty-five, had been handsome, and was still very showy: her hair powderred extremely white, and her cheeks colored altogether as red, formed a striking contrast; she wore no cap to conceal the talents of her friseur, and in proportion as the adjustment of her head seemed sedulously attended to, that of the remainder of her person was neglected; nothing about her was either tight or tidy, her silken *deshabillé* was far from clean, and her white pocket handkerchief completely died with snuff. Loose as was her apparel, it still appeared to constrain her, and so much did she love her ease, that no sooner had she dispatched her supper, than she

unlaced her *corset,* totally regardless of observation.

Having surveyed her niece with much attention, she paid some compliments to her person, but found something to criticize in her air, her dress and every thing else. She did not love children, and hardly noticed the boys, except to complain that their restlessness and vivacity disturbed her, and to desire they might be off sent to bed. The poor children wished the company good night with much disappointment and dejection; and did not fail to enquire of their attendant, " when their Aunt was to return to Paris?"

" *Peste!*" exclaimed the Presidente when she had about half supt; " What a fine match has our friend the young Marquis du Plessis, made of it!—he

has no doubt sent you the particulars?"

The Baron replied that he had heard of it only in a general way and should be glad to be informed of them.

"All that I know," returned the lady, "is, that the old Marquis his father, who had long desired the union, and was, as I am well informed, rather doubtful of its taking place, is half out of his wits with joy, at having received the news of its completion. The Viscount d' Alphonse, father to the bride, went from Paris, laden with sumptuous presents for the nuptials; so little did he expect to find them over. He was hardly gone before the news arrived.—It must have been an agreeable surprize to him;—but a surprize I am sure it was; for he supt with me the very even-

ing previous to his departure, and did not then seem at all certain of the event. The Marchioness du Plessis, is, I understand his second daughter, and the greatest beauty in the Island; her father can give her twenty thousand livres a year, without prejudice to his other daughters. *Peste!* our friend is amiable, but had no right to pretend to such a match. No wonder he was in haste to secure it.—It is rumoured the young couple stole a wedding; being too deeply enamoured of each other, and too impatient to wait the dilatory movements of an indolent Creole, such as is, I do assure you the Viscount d' Alphonse.—*Peste!* what an animal!—he would leave the most brilliant society in all Paris, to smoke his pipe by himself; and would take coffee ten times a day,—however, the ladies of his family are said, not to resemble him at all: The Vicountess

herself is a *maitresse femme*, and as for her daughters, the young Marchioness particularly, nothing can exceed their vivacity."

Clara listened in silent anxiety to this detail. "Why," said she to herself, "does the Chevalier speak so lightly of a marriage, represented as so advantageous to him? Could he suspect his friends of being indifferent as to his good fortune? How unaccountable is such a proceeding from him!"—Her father had nearly the same ideas but as much at a loss what to say as what to think, he suffered the subject to drop without pursuing it further.

In the mean time Madame de Blanville's maitre d'hôtel, her two waiting-women, and three lacquies were displaying the breeding of the capital at the

second table. Monsieur le Blanc, the head of her establishment, was an intelligent, well-behaved man, and a very valuable servant; the lacquies were ignorant, conceited coxcombs, and the women aukward apes of their lady, whom they caricatured more ridiculously than perhaps, even Hogarth himself could have succeeded in doing. Mademoiselle Fréron nevertheless kept up her own dignity, and the Castle decorum. She did not understand, that little waiting-women from Paris, or any where else, were to pretend to dictate to a person of her knowledge and experience in life; nor would she even allow them to be better acquainted with the prevailing fashions. Mademoiselle Julie, having presumed to take up a word of the housekeeper's, which she insisted was perfectly provincial and not to be tolerated in genteel company; the latter argued the point with great warmth,

made it a party affair, wherein all present were obliged to espouse one side or the other, and at length threatened to send to her master's library for the Dictionary of the academy; this settled the point at once, only Monsieur Le Blanc, Thèrése, and herself, of the whole party, could read; a great book was therefore such a knock down argument, as the Parisian party could not withstand; meanwhile the tinkling of the master's bells called them to their nightly attendance, from whence the housekeeper immediately dispatched them to their several apartments.

Next morning the Presidente received company and enquiries after her health at her *ruelle*, or in vulgar English, by her bedside.

She did not make her appearance in

the saloon till towards the hour of dinner; at this social meal she was not sorry to find company, the Baron introduced to her notice the two Clergymen and his English friend Mr. Forrest; this last she honoured with particular attention, and assigned him a place at table by her side; while on the other hand was placed the Abbé de Louverie. She had a very good appetite to her dinner, and an exceeding good dinner to her appetite, for the Baron's table was well served, and Marion had excelled herself. The Presidente thought every dish better than the other, and ate and praised a *l'envie*. She was none of those whom good cheer makes stupid and sleepy; she drank freely of her brother's vintage, laughed, rattled and sung, and rather astonished her niece with her unrestrained gaiety.

Her good humour increased, when the dessert was served; she coquetted with Mr. Forrest till he was perfectly abashed; his spirits sunk as her's increased, her volubility deprived him of all the French he was master of, and almost of the faculty of speech. Nevertheless the Presidente had the indulgence to overlook for this time, the aukward return he made to her civilities, conceiving it might be owing to the timidity of a growing passion, awed into silence by the force of her attractions.

After the coffee had been served, the Presidente offered her hand to Mr. Forrest to be conducted to the saloon, who accepted the honor with an air of constraint and embarrassment that highly diverted the Baron.

"I am afraid," said the latter to him

in English, "that you have no inclination to be my brother in law, and that I depended too much on my sister's *youthful* charms, in hoping for such an honor."

Mr. Forrest endeavoured to force a smile, but this was a point upon which he could not bear to be rallied; for however he knew it to be banter, it seemed to him, that the man who thus proposed himself, though but in jest, for a brother, could never think of him seriously for a son; his embarrassment was therefore rather increased by the pleasantry of his friend.

The Presidente now called upon the gentlemen to form her party; Clara, glad to be released, returned to her apartment and her needle-work, where she was speedily joined by Thèrése, who was

overflowing with intelligence and remarks on the Paris importation. She related the over-night's dispute with some humour, and mimicked the airs of the waiting-women with great success: she assured her lady, "that Monsieur Le Blanc was a perfect gentleman, and worth them all, and only that he was married, she really believed, she should like him better than Monsieur La Roche."

"But what do you think he says of Mr. Forrest, Mademoiselle?" continued Thèrése, "Why, that he is the stupidest man he ever knew, for that all the Marquisses, and Dukes, and Chevaliers, and Counts, in Paris, are at his lady's feet, while this milord Englishman takes no more notice of her than of a post."

Clara silenced her woman when her animadversions seemed to glance towards

her aunt, she could not herself but observe that there were about her some vulnerable parts, and although she thought them merely trifles, marks only for ridicule, yet was her sense of propriety far too just to allow a servant, to point at what she would willingly have overlooked herself.

She was soon after summoned to attend the company, who were setting out to enjoy the beauty of the evening in the octagon bower; Madame la Presidente had already hooked herself to the arm of Mr. Forrest, whom she declared with a languishing glance of her still fine eye, should be her Chevalier, at least, for the evening. She was careful to detain him always in the rear, now affecting fatigue, now endeavouring to excite his attention by a thousand infantine questions, to which she luckily

did not require any answer, for the beau she had selected hardly heard them, but sauntering along, presented a countenance of rueful length, not unlike that of some unlucky school-boy, dragging his unwieldy satchel, unwillingly to school.

When the company was seated in the octagon bower, now in all its pride of beauty, the intertwining roses in full bloom, the honey-suckles beginning to expand; the jessamine peeping; some forwarder sweets, protected by the thick foliage not yet decaying—the Baron, with a smile at his sister, enquired, "if his *Salle Champêtre* was not worth her saloon at Paris?"

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed the Presidente in answer, "I allow that it has its merit; yet I could tell you what would

much improve it; a larger party, and two or three card tables—but sure we might contrive to have one? Has nobody here, a pack of cards about them?"

"My dear sister!" exclaimed the Baron, astonished, "Is it really possible that you can wish to have your eyes and attention diverted from such a spectacle as this?—You have not yet seen half its beauties, allow me" taking her by the hand, "to point them out to you:—pray observe the prospect through this break:—do you see the Church that seems suspended on the side of yonder hill, and the tuft of trees above it?—that is the Village of Valmont:—look at the cattle browzing upon the slope, and the ridge of mountains beyond that lose themselves in the clouds. The winding stream we trace to such a distance, is a branch of the little Loire:—

Can any thing exceed the beauty of the scenery?—Look where the sinking sun gilds the light clouds above, with a thousand glorious hues!"

"Ha, ha, ha!—Oh! mercy, mercy, my dear little brother!" exclaimed the Presidente with her usual affected laugh, "you will assuredly blind me;—I cannot bear to look at the sun, besides, I should enjoy all these fine thirgs just as well again, if I had but a pack of cards to employ me. — I cannot endure idleness—I am sure Monsieur Forrêt will have the complaisance just to step to the Castle for one. We will play whist, his country game, it is just come into vogue at Paris."

Mr. Forrest walked towards the break taking no notice of the honor designed him; and the Baron was highly diverted

to observe how well he counterfeited deafness. The Abbé de Louverie was however more complaisant and being willing to ingratiate himself with the Presidente, and to prove at the same time how much he excelled an Englishman in politeness, he set off with all expedition on the embassy, and returned almost as soon as he was perceived to be missing.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed out the Presidente, "he has flown,—what an amiable, obliging creature!—he shall be my partner for his reward--Monsieur Forrêt, I turn you off—I dismiss you."—

The discarded Chevalier was walking away very tranquilly with his congé, when he was summoned back and apprized, that he was to make one at the table and assist the Presidente in instructing their partners, in a game with which

only herself and Mr. Forrest were at all conversant: the Baron was required to be the fourth; while Clara received orders from her aunt to sit by and look over her hand, in order to be qualified to fill up a corner, whenever the set might happen to fail.

In this manner did the Presidente de Blanville tyrannize over the complaisance of her friends, and oblige them to sacrifice an hour, of one of the most beautiful evenings at the beginning of June.

At length, as the twilight advanced, the birds of night and the insects that delight in shade began to emerge from their hiding places; the cheifers in particular were extremely impertinent and troublesome; they buzzed about the ears of the Presidente, settled upon her head,

and seemed particularly to relish the odor of her powder and pomatum. Not at all delighted with this distinction, she screamed vehemently, and threw up her hand at the most interesting point of the game, protesting it was impossible for her to stay, where she was exposed to the assaults of such terrific *beasts*.

The whole way back, these insects, which happened to be very abundant that year, seemed to pursue the Parisian scents with peculiar delight; the Presidente held fast by Mr. Forrest's arm sheltering herself as much as she could, behind him, keeping her eyes closed and screaming outrageously every time a fresh buzz saluted her near. Clara walking before her aunt endeavoured with her fan to ward off the assailants; as for the boys they were highly delighted, and caught as many as they could to take home for play-things.

The party arrived at length in safety through all these perils. The Presidente threw herself upon a sopha, protesting she would never walk out again of an evening to be exposed to such alarms.

"Have you any of these villainous beasts in England, Monsieur Forrêt?" inquired she.

"Yes Madam."

"Oh, but I am sure they are not so troublesome and disagreeable as here?"

"No Madam."

"My brother pretends that every thing in nature has its use, but what can these nasty things be good for?"

"I don't know indeed."

The Presidente was beginning to be a little out of temper with these laconic answers, when another and a greater cause of displeasure arising, happily for Mr. Forrest, diverted it from his particular person. Some of the cheifers taken by Isidore, not being very effectually secured, made their escape, and began to buzz about the lights and the heads of the company with the most provoking perseverance. The lady starting from her seat, screamed violently, and protested she would that instant set off for Paris, if there was no other means of escaping the persecution of the cheifers, and the boys who set them on. With some difficulty the room was cleared of the assailants, and the children were sent to bed in disgrace, heartily wishing their aunt had put her threat in execution, and returned to Paris.

The supper was no sooner dispatched, than the Presidente ordered the card tables to be arranged in the saloon. Mr. Forrest seized an opportunity to make his escape, taking what we call a French leave. For some time the party was delayed in expectation of his return; at length the matter becoming hopeless, the Presidente proposed a game at *Riversi*, to which the three gentlemen present were required to sit down, and in spite of yawning to remain, till at past midnight, a terrible hour for Montfier, the lady thought proper to release them.

CHAPTER XII.

AN ALLEGORY.

It was several days before the boys recovered their spirits sufficiently to venture at displaying their store of English erudition to their aunt; at length, at the dessert after dinner, when her good humor was as usual, excited by the good cheer, Basil was called upon to repeat his Allegory, and in spite of her continual interruptions to have the subject explained, her unmerciful criticisms on the barbarism of the English tongue and want of grace and expression in the ora-

tor, encouraged by the rest of the company, he went through the whole with fluency and applause, nearly as follows:

PLEASURE and PAIN.

AN ALLEGORY.

The various beauties to define
  Of her whom I attempt to sing,
Would baffle all the tuneful nine
  And Phœbus too, their God and King.

Of coral lips, and jetty eyes,
  Of rose and lilly that unite
Their shining and opposing dies,
  That each may shew more red, more white,

Enough has been both said and sung;
  But with attractive beauty grac'd,
My nymph would still inspire each tongue
  And find a charm for every taste.

Too early left in orphan state,
  And wealth, and youth, and beauty blended,
A thousand suitors on her wait,
  Ten thousand for her smiles contended.

While shunning those who most pursued her,
  She chose a mate of hideous mien,
Who won, altho' he faintly woo'd her,
  And off they sped to Gretna Green.

Like other matches this was sifted,
  Nay, many question to this hour,
That a fair dame so richly gifted,
  Could wed so foul a paramour.

'Tis certain, that unchang'd as yet,
  She's not a jot more serious grown,
And scarce so finish'd a coquette,
  Is seen and follow'd by the town.

Never had toast so proud a claim,
  No beauty ever was so follow'd,
Whatever but usurp'd her name,
  Bitter or sweet, the dose was swallow'd.

Oft'times the nymph would give it out,
  That such as would her favors share,
She'd meet at play, at ball, or route ;
  They hasten'd——and she was not there.

While her deform'd, ill-favor'd spouse,
  For ever following in chace,
Would entrance force in ev'ry house,
  Usurping his fair consort's place.

With sly design, full oft they tell us,
  Has he disguis'd him like the dame,
Though he was known like Vulcan jealous,
  As old, as ugly, and as lame.

Yet would the gross deception take,
  And oft has prov'd the hapless swain,
The bed of flow'rs, a tort'ring rack,
  The promis'd joy, a gripe from pain.—

The husband chasing thus his wife,
  The wife detesting him and flying ;
At length they came to open strife,
  And each for a divorce was trying.

As both in this one point agreed,
  The matter was not long in doing,
A separation was decreed,
  Which 'ere 'twas settled, each was rueing.

For soon the disappointed fair,
  Tho' freed a mate so sour and old,
Found listless languor ev'ry where,
  And all her lovers growing cold.

And though she fancied in her pride,
  She never car'd a fig about him,
The fond experiment once tried,
  She found she could not live without him.

Full well she knew, the poor good man,
  With his odd ways still doated on her;
She sent him then a new trac'd plan,
  "If that he gave his word of honour"

"Always to keep a modest distance
  In public, when her Routs were kept,
He might be ready with assistance,
  Whene'er her Vot'ries yawned or slept."

Her spouse subscribed to the condition
  Altho' he thought it somewhat hard;
He made his peace and his submission,
  And was his lady's schemes debarr'd.

Now, ever since in ceaseless round,
  They follow one another's way,
And whereso'er the wife is found,
  The husband comes without delay.

And tho' by his hard gripe annoy'd,
  The tortur'd patient may complain,
Yet ne'er is pleasure so enjoy'd,
  As when she follows after pain.

Yet are they seldom known to meet,
  Save in some wild poetic brains,
Or Lovers, with their *bitter sweet*,
  Who dreaming tell of " pleasing pains."

Full well concerted is each measure,
  A prudent pair each act their part,
Thus pain inhances every pleasure,
  And pleasure heals of pain the smart.

At the end of every verse, and sometimes in the midst of one, the Presidente continually interrupted the child for an explanation; this practice although it disconcerted, and sometimes put him quite out, yet in the end redounded to his credit; it proved that he perfectly understood what he was repeating, and had made a progress in his English studies, no less honorable to himself than to his master.

Isidore was ready with his fable, which he would fain have repeated likewise, but the Presidente desired to hear no more school lessons, or hissing English. The child was then desired to sing a little French air, with which she condescended to be pleased.

"You are a very good master," said the Presidente to Mr. Forrest, "you

teach English solid sense *a merveille*; but I think it would not be amiss if you condescended to learn a little of us in return. Ha, ha, ha! our lively *folie* is worth all your wisdom, nothing is so stupid as being too wise.—*Allons* Monsieur la Forrêt, another glass of wine—brother let us have a bottle of champagne,—ha, ha, ha! I long to see an Englishman a little *gris*."

A rural excursion having been planned for the evening which was not to the taste of the Presidente, she declined being of the party; but insisted that it should not be put by on her account—"Here is Monsieur la Forrêt," said she "will stay to keep me company; he can play piquet no doubt—we shall do vastly well by ourselves."—

As the gentleman thus distinguished made no answer to the challenge, his silence though it could not be interpreted politeness, was nevertheless, thought to signify consent, not only by the lady principally concerned, but every one else of the party: All were however mistaken, and the company had not proceeded half a mile on their way, before they were overtaken by this recreant knight.

"How is this?" said Monsieur de Montfier, "I thought my sister had pressed you into her service," Mr. Forrest without noticing the observation, merely said "that it was a beautiful evening," and then mending his pace, hurried on the company as if apprehensive that an express would be dispatched in his pursuit.

When the party returned from their excursion, they found the lady lolling upon the sopha and playing with her dog.

She was of course in no very good humour and complained bitterly of the solitude and dullness of the country; she reproached Mr. Forrest in poignant terms for his want of gallantry in so unhandsomely deserting a lady, who had paid him the compliment of desiring his company, "of want of gallantry," continued she, "for as to politeness, we do not expect it in any of your nation."

Mr. Forrest heard her complaints with the most provoking composure, did not offer the slightest apology and paced the room with the air of being perfectly indifferent as to the opinion she might entertain either of him or his country.

The ill success of the Presidente upon this and many other occasions, did not however discourage her; she had determined upon having Mr. Forrest in her train, and to this effect was perpetually endeavouring to engage his attention, and aiming some shaft, which recoiled harmless from the stubborn heart against which it was directed, and altogether had an effect so contrary, to what she proposed, as would certainly have driven the object from the Castle, if a magnet of far other quality had not counteracted her repulsion.

"How can you find de *l' esprit*" the Presidente would often say to her brother" in that dull stupid Englishman? one might just as well strike fire out of a block as inspire him with the least degree of animation."

CHAPTER XIII.

VOYAGE OF THE CHEVALIER DU PLESSIS.

We will now, with the readers permission, retrace our steps, and attend the young Marquis du Plessis, whom for the sake of distinction, we shall still call the Chevalier, on his voyage to another world.

The embarkation of his corps did not, as has been already observed, take place so soon as had been expected; he might have remained longer with his friends at Montfier, or even have gone to Paris during the interval, for it was full six weeks;

but the usual uncertainty as to the time of sailing prevented his availing himself of this delay, to take leave of his father or to pay a flying visit to his friends; and he embarked at length with the mortifying reflection, that a great proportion of the last time he spent in his native country, might have been much more agreeably employed.

One evening, as the rays of the sun shone full upon the distant heights of the shore he was quitting, the Chevalier on the stern of the vessel contemplated the scene in melancholy silence: As the grey cliffs seemed to vanish in the horizon, his heart sunk, and he said to himself—

"Ah! there they fade, my last visions of happiness!"

He then endeavoured to soothe his regret by throwing his ideas into verse, nearly as follows:

Ye dusky cliffs that seem to fly,
And vanish in the distant sky;
Fence of the land that gave me birth;
My native soil, my kindred earth!
Your last retiring shades I greet;
For ah! we never more may meet.—

I leave you, with regrettings fraught;
I leave you!—— Oh, the bitter thought!
Friends,—Country,—dear congenial ties;
And the harsh winds repel my sighs:
Cruel in kindness fair they blow;
And bear me where I would not go.

Name, 'twere profaneness to express,
Dear, other name for perfectness!—
As in soft whispers I exhale,
Thy cherished accents to the gale;
Methinks in soothing to my pain,
It breathes it to my lips again.

Ye foaming billows where I ride,
To you my sorrows I confide—
You, happy tides, may kiss the shore,
Which haply I may touch no more:
My sighs, my vows, my wishes bear,
My bitter unavailing tear.

Ah! the sweet vision fails my eyes,
The ocean mingles with the skies!—
A trackless gulph, sublime, profound,
Presents no more, or land or bound—
Still in my heart, tho' lost my view;
Dear native land, adieu, adieu!—

The Chevalier du Plessis, who, perhaps, of all his companions had the greatest repugnance to the voyage, was nevertheless precisely the person who contrived to pass it the most agreeably, and to whom it appeared the shortest: Full of resources in himself, he never was un-

employed, unless when previous exertion rendered inaction itself a rational enjoyment. Books, study, sketching designs, or writing a journal of his remarks; fully occupied and pleasantly diversified the hours, which his brother officers lounged away in idleness or gaming; yet he never declined in complaisance to them making one in any moderate game; when if he won he never triumphed, or lost his temper, if he lost his money: such indeed was his general condescension and good-nature, that his superiority, and the austerity of his morals were forgiven him; and only added a degree of reverence to the love his amiable manners never failed to inspire.

A young officer of the name of Neuville was the most troublesome person on board: to paint his disposition and behaviour, it would almost suffice

to say, that he was in both, the exact reverse of the Chevalier du Plessis; empty and vain, ignorant and presuming, noisy and trifling; mistaking licentiousness for good breeding, irritability for courage, falsehood for wisdom, and ribaldry for wit. Incapable of conducting himself with the least propriety; yet continually obtruding his opinion and advice upon others. This young man had been at times, in habits of intimacy or at open war with every passenger on board except the Chevalier; whose superiority insensibly awed him, and whose friendship he no more dared to court, than to provoke his displeasure. But the object of his most frequent attacks was the Chaplain of the Regiment, the Abbé de Ronceau; a young man newly ordained, and who had not left the seminary, where he had received his education, and spent the best half of his life, more

than six months: a stranger to the world and all its ways; he had brought from his sacred asylum, the candor, innocence, and simplicity of childhood. His extreme credulity, bordering upon weakness, was often the sport of the other officers as well as Neuville; for incapable himself of a word of untruth, he always supposed the same sincerity in others, and implicitly and without examination, believed whatever tales of wonder, the invention of those, who with more experience or cunning, had not a whit better understandings, thought fit to impose upon him. These, with the greatest *Näiveté*, and the simplest good faith, he would repeat, to the infinite diversion of the inventor, whose credit he would maintain in defiance of reason and probability; nothing appearing to his uncorrupted heart, half so incredible as that a nobleman and a Christian, should

wilfully transgress the truth without the smallest excuse or temptation. With these singularities, such was the sincerity of his piety, and the excess of his good-nature, that it was as impossible not to love as not to laugh at him. He would have been an excellent missionary for the negroes; and certainly was so for the common soldiers, whose love and confidence he was not long in acquiring; but he was totally unfit to cope with, much more to awe a set of rattling libertines, of such as the corps was generally composed. In the Chevalier du Plessis, he however found a friend and champion; pleased with the singularity of his character, delighted with the sweetness of his temper and the benevolence of his heart, the secret springs of sympathy alone would have attracted the kindred soul of the Chevalier; even if his natural

generosity ever ready to withstand oppression under all its appearances, had not formed a separate tie. Whenever the Abbé was overpowered by the arguments, or rather the ridicule, the laughter and volubility of this rattling company, the Chevalier, an auxiliary worth an host, was ever ready to help his memory, and to direct his judgment; thus assisted, the laugh against religion and its minister grew fainter, while the respect with which the Chevalier invariably treated the chaplain, was at length acknowledged to be his due; and the light he contrived to reflect upon him from his superior abilities, by the far greater part, in time mistaken for his (the Abbé's) own; but before this could be effected, that is to say, during the greater part of the voyage the innocent Abbé had been the butt of every joke: Neuville in particular, had always some

idle trick to play him. Sometimes when he and his companions had past the greatest part of the night at play, it was thought very ingenious to awake the Abbé from a sound sleep, with an alarm that the ship was sinking, and when in his terror he ran upon deck in his shirt, to affect to mistake him for a ghost, or persuade him that he had been dreaming and walked in his sleep; which he did not fail to believe; although the same trick with little variation, had repeatedly been played him.

The French sailors, as well as those of other nations, have the custom of making passengers pay for their first transit over the tropical, when they do not happen to reach the equinoctial line; and playing tricks on such as refuse to buy an exemption, or to whom they owe some grudge. One of them dis-

guised in a grotesque manner appears to rise from the ocean, they call him the *bon homme Tropique,* and he enquires with burlesque gravity, who has not before crossed his domain? and the great joke is, to throw water from the shrouds, which they are pleased to term baptizing, upon the novices. Neuville could not miss so good an opportunity of playing off his little wit upon the Abbé. He took him aside, and told him, "that the *bon homme Tropique* was neither more nor less than Satan in person; that whoever gave him money bound himself to his service, and that it was an impiety no good Christian could tolerate." Observing from the horror in the countenance of the credulous ecclesiastic, that his bait took, he ran to prepare his comrades for the jest, and to caution them to give their offerings privately. The good man Tropick, and his attendants

were making their collections, and the Abbé, deliberating whether it was enough to refuse his money, or whether he ought not likewise to exorcise the evil spirit, when luckily for him, his good genius the Chevalier du Plessis came on deck.

" Have you your *petit écu* ready, Monsieur l'Abbé?" said the latter, addressing him.

" What! to make a pact with the devil?" answered the Abbé, with a look of the utmost horror and indignation.

" My good friend," returned the Chevalier, immediately reading an explanation of the case in the sly sneering look of Neuville, who was hard by, " We must hold a candle to the devil sometimes; now this is a very harmless one I do assure you; no other than Jeanot

the boatswain—come I will set you the example."

The Abbé did as he was advised; but with such an air of constraint and embarrassment, as did not escape the notice of the sailor who collected the contributions. "Why how now, Monsieur l'Abbé," said the fellow, "are you really so unwilling to give us a little wine, once in a way, to make merry? those that are stingy shall have plenty of water, I promise you."

"I would give you wine, or any thing else, my good lad," said the Abbé, "to make merry, in an allowed and innocent way—but I was afraid—I was rather doubtful—Monsieur Neuville told me"—

"Oh! ho! Monsieur Neuville has been meddling has he?" returned hastily the

sailor, "if he is for scoucing us of our little perquisites, we shall see if we cant match him—he is not very apt to give himself—he need not hinder other people."

The sailor, who was a shrewd fellow, with at least as much wit as Neuville, and some of his own propensity to mischief, in an instant smoked the plot; he thought the jest too good to be lost, and determined with admirable presence of mind, that the biter should be bitten. Instantly repairing to Neuville, who was at this instant at some distance, he pretended to enter into his design; and enticed him under pretence of talking over the matter more at ease, to a convenient spot for his purpose; then giving the signal in a particular whistle, he suddenly left him to receive the contents of several pails of waters, which dashed upon him like a water-spout from

aloft. A loud shout of mingled laughter and applause completed his confusion; he could not for some minutes recover the faculty of speech, but as soon as he did, he vented his rage with such indecent violence, and bore so ill the jest he had designed for another, that the commanding officer was obliged to interfere and put him under an arrest to prevent mischief, while the good-natured Abbé, for whom he had planned the soaking, was the only one to commiserate, and the first to afford him assistance.

This doughty hero, having been repeatedly rallied by his comrades on the distance which he observed towards the Chevalier du Plessis, was one day induced to hazard a boast, and lay a wager, that he would provoke him to fight: he accordingly laid a plot, which

for its ingenuity deserves to have honorable notice here.

The Chevalier usually wore on his bosom the ruby pin, which it has been said was presented to him by Clara; Neuville, either by accident or some indiscretion of La Roche, had discovered that it was an object of peculiar veneration, and one day that the Chevalier was making observations through a glass, he advanced suddenly upon him, and snatching the pin, with a loud laugh, threw it into the sea. The unusual expression of anger that flashed from the Chevalier's eye, speedily made him repent his temerity. "I suppose, sir," said the Chevalier, in a menacing attitude, "that you expect to go in after it?"

"I—I—I," stammered out the affrighted bully, "will send one of the sailors."

He then offered a handsome reward to any of the crew, who would endeavour to recover it. The sea being perfectly calm, it was attempted by several, and many ineffectual means were essayed, for which Neuville was constrained to pay. The Chevalier, seriously chagrined, looked on indignantly; and was some time before he could trust himself to speak. When restored to a little self-command, he said to Neuville in a determined tone;

"I presume sir, that you mean to ask my pardon, since you can make me no other amends, and likewise to refrain such jests for the future."

Neuville confused and alarmed, stammered out an awkward apology, "that he was very sorry—that he meant no harm—that he had no idea the pin was

of any value—that he thought it might easily have been regained—he begged ten thousand pardons--he certainly never would take any liberties with the Chevalier again."—In short he looked very small; and having thus lost his joke, his money, and his consequence, he remained crest-fallen during the remainder of the voyage; while every one enjoyed his mortification, and much more peace than before.

CHAPTER XIV.

ST. DOMINGO.

The voyage was quick and prosperous, the vessel reaching her destination in less time than she had been setting out upon it. When the Chevalier landed at *Port-au-Prince* he was both surprised and delighted with the first aspect of the country, which offered a beauty and verdure totally at variance with the ideas he had conceived of it. After the monotony of a long sea voyage, what land indeed would not appear delicious? and this was eminently so!

" The features of nature," said he to himself, " appear not less beautiful here than in Europe—perhaps I have taken up prejudices too lightly; perhaps the mind and manners may be less deformed than I have been led to expect; —allons Monsieur l'Abbé," said he to the Chaplain, who was below in the cabin, " we are in port, shall we land together?" The Abbé hastened to the welcome summons, and they went on shore with the satisfaction of prisoners released from a long confinement. These first agreeable sensations were not however of long continuance; stopping to observe some public works that were erecting, their attention was quickly diverted to the wretched objects who were employed about it, chained two and two, and bearing on their lacerated bodies, the visible traces of the stripes so frequently inflicted upon them.

"Alas, Monsieur!" said the Abbé, his eyes filled with tears, "are these human creatures?—Oh! they are doubtless the galley-slaves of which I have heard so much; poor wretches whose lives have been forfeited to the law, and which in a sort of cruel kindness, it spares—It may be good for useful example—yet, I own I wish their punishment could be private, or less rigorous—it rends my heart."

The Chevalier without answering drew him along; their way was through the market; and it happened, there was a sale of slaves. A multitude of these poor people of both sexes, and different ages, chained together, their naked bodies greased over with oil to set them off, in herds like cattle, formed the spectacle that presented itself to the strangers and the best bidder: a mixture of

horror and curiosity urged the gentlemen unconsciously to stop. The Abbé accustomed as he was to speak whatever idea first occurred to him; had now so many struggling for utterance, that like a crowd in a narrow passage they obstructed each others way, and he was reduced to wonder in silence. In the mean time one of the drivers struck a woman who had attempted to take a few steps from the rest. The benevolent Ecclesiastic no longer master of his emotion, stept forward and reproached the fellow for his cruelty.

"Why do you strike that poor defenceless creature, my friend?" said he.

"Because there is no other way of making her understand," said the fellow with an oath, that still increased the Abbé's indignation.

In the mean time Neuville with others of the young officers approached the spot; these found a subject for merriment in this melancholy sight, and the Chevalier thought their unfeeling mirth proved hearts harder and more corrupt than even the blows and brutality he had so recently witnessed. He was hastening from a scene so distressing to his benevolence; when the piercing cries of a young female slave arrested his steps and his attention. The girl was clinging to a stout well-looking negro of about 35 years of age, whom the Chevalier found upon enquiry was her father, and for whom a trader was making a bargain.

"I should like to sell them together," said the slave merchant, in answer to the Chevalier's inquiries, "for if the wench is sulky she may perhaps fret

herself sick, and fetch me little or nothing. If you will buy them both, you shall have the preference, and the better bargain."

The Chevalier was very much inclined to do as he was desired; yet embarrassed as to the disposal of such a purchase, he cast an appealing look at his servant La Roche, who stood by, hardly less affected at a custom so new to him, than his kind-hearted master.

"Buy the poor creatures sir," said he, "you must have servants, and I will take upon me to teach them their business."

The Chevalier, unable to withstand the impulse of his own heart and the intreating eyes of the poor slaves, who seemed to have some idea of what was going

on, was not long in concluding a bargain to the satisfaction of all the parties concerned; but most to that of the negro father and daughter, who understanding that they were not to be separated, and to belong to a master so unlike any they had hitherto seen; embraced his knees in transports of joy and gratitude, more emphatic than the most expressive language. The Abbé de Ronceau, once again reduced to silence by the overflow of his own feelings, rubbed his hands, walked to and fro, and could hardly refrain from tears.

The Chevalier settled for the purchase, and recommending his new servants to the care of La Roche, he repaired to his quarters, and saw to the accommodation of his helpless friend, the Abbé, with that tranquillity of spirit, which

usually follows, and amply repays the practice of benevolence.

After writing to his father, and his friends at Montfier an account of his safe arrival, his next care was to deliver the letters of recommendation, with which he had been very amply supplied. He was every where received with the distinction to which his personal accomplishments and splendid connections had so just a claim; but particularly by the Viscountess d'Alphonse, whose husband was at this juncture absent from home; some affairs having called him to France. This lady had three handsome daughters, reported likewise to be the largest fortunes in the Island. She lived gaily, entertained sumptuously, and treated the Chevalier du Plessis with the most marked attention. She assigned him an apartment at her house, nor was it at

all her fault, if he did not reside there altogether; in short, overwhelmed him with caresses and civilities. She very soon heard of his purchase of the slaves, and offered immediately, and in the handsomest manner to take them off his hands.

"They are too raw and ignorant to be of service to you," said the lady, "you have neither employment nor establishment for them; they can only embarrass you. My daughter Adelaide is in want of another attendant, and I of an under gardener. I will have them baptised, the man shall be called Bonaventure, and the girl Rosetta, their work will be light, and their treatment shall be good.—I enter into all your tender feelings, you perceive, Marquis, as if I had been bred and born in Europe—Oh!

we shall be the best friends in the world; I am sure of it."

The Chevalier who had purchased these poor people, solely with a view to their comfort, was well satisfied with, and thankfully acceded to this arrangement, which however he had nearly repented, when he witnessed the distress of his slaves at leaving him; for although they could only express their regret by tears and gestures; these spoke an energetic and universal language, not to be mistaken and hardly to be withstood. Their kind master endeavoured on his part to make them sensible, that they should still be under his eye and his protection. He gave them some of the baubles of which savages are so fond, and succeeded at length in reconciling them to their change of situation.

As all the inhabitants of note made a point of giving entertainments on the arrival of the new corps; there was for some time a perpetual succession of routs, balls, and revelry. The officers were particularly distinguished by the ladies, and no one more so than the Chevalier du Plessis, whose personal as well as mental accomplishments, did not require the eclat of a military dress to set them off. The women on their parts, were sufficiently alluring; they were generally well shaped, with fine eyes and teeth, lively to excess, and so remote from all degrees of prudery, that a Parisian coquette would almost have appeared precise in their company. The Chevalier was speedily convinced, that the unrestrained freedom, of which he had heard so much, and formed an idea so disgusting; had not been exaggerated in the representation. How often did he sigh in this hot bed

of corruption and vice, for the tranquil pleasures, the innocent delights, and chastened mirth of Montfier?—He had, however, speedily occasion to sigh more profoundly.

The very first letters he received from his father, spoke in strong terms of the great advantage to be derived from an alliance with the Viscount d'Alphonse. The old Marquis said, "that he had given his word for his son, not doubting of his acquiescence, that he had been well informed, the ladies, the Viscount's daughters, were all perfect beauties, he knew they were immense fortunes; the Chevalier might take his choice, such was the favor allowed him, but one of them, as he valued the honor of his family, or his (the Marquis's,) eternal displeasure, he must take."

An affectionate letter received at the same time from the father of the Chevalier's own election, only served to make this harsh mandate appear the more impracticable. The Baron in it, related every thing material that had occurred since his last; particularly the arrival of the Abbé and the English traveller; described the method of pursuing their new studies, adding a number of little circumstances that brought his interesting friends before his eyes, and made him almost fancy himself still among them. Clara had added a postscript to her father's letter, it was as follows :—

" My brothers and I, my dear Chevalier, with a little assistance from our " master, have just completed an English " translation of my favorite story of " Beauty and the Beast. He praises it, " and I do suppose it a very elegant,

as I know it to be a very elaborate performance. I hope you have not forgotten it; so often as we have read it together when we were good little children, for I think my Papa's letter, might remind you of the mirror with which the charming beast presented Beauty wherein she could see her family and all that was passing at home. It is a faithful picture, and we require of you in return, one on the same plan. No production of your fertile climate, believe me, would be half so agreeable to us,—to us elders of the family I mean; for I rather suspect my brothers of a hankering for the sweetmeats you talk of,——After the mirror, we should like nothing so well as a parrot that would talk to us of you."

The Chevalier kissed a thousand times the traces of Clara's pen, he read them

over and over, and forgot in the perusal the cruel embarrassment of his situation. He was however speedily recalled to a sense of it.

A pressing invitation to dinner from Madame d' Alphonse convinced the Chevalier that she had received letters from France that concerned him: determined for the present to avoid coming to any explanation, he sent an excuse, and in the mean time solicited leave of absence from his regiment, and retired into the country, where he spent a month, indulging his melancholy, regretting his friends and country, and ruminating upon the means to avoid a marriage, he thought of with the most invincible distaste: or in rambling whole days among the intricate woods and almost inaccessible mountains.

The reader may be assured that Clara's commission was not neglected; he sought with avidity the hollow trees where the parrots love to breed; and was more delighted than the arrantest school boy, whenever he succeeded in finding any young birds. After various researches he at length found two of singular beauty, and determined to amuse himself in rearing and instructing them.

In these sequestered haunts, he sometimes met with maroon, or fugitive negroes.—These poor people at first, took him for a person sent in their pursuit; and shunned him with the utmost terror and the most sedulous care. Convinced of their error by experience, and seeing him so often, and usually alone, they became familiarized to his view, and imagining that he was like themselves, a deserter from some unfeeling task-

master, they ventured by degrees to approach and converse with him,—mutual confidence and mutual good offices were the result.

The Chevalier du Plessis commiserated their situation, and was amused with the wild and fantastic account they gave of it. He would frequently order la Roche, the only person he could trust, to bring food and liquor to regale them, while the poor outcasts, with great delight furnished him a dessert of oranges, cocoa nuts, and various other fruit that grew in abundance, in the woods.

His leave of absence, however, drew to a close, and he was constrained to return to the Town and to his visits at the house of Madame d'Alphonse. His appearance there was greeted with the most lively

joy, both by mother and daughters.—The Viscountess embraced him, and presenting to him her second daughter, Mademoiselle Adelaide; told him at once "that she was dying for him."

"The poor child" said she, "who was always the liveliest of the three, has lost all her spirits; she has done nothing but weep and mope ever since your desertion of us; in short, my dear Marquis, you will break all our hearts if she is not to your taste." "I thought," resumed the lady, after a short pause, for the Chevalier remained silent, "that you had received letters from Europe, that would have brought you to us, instead of driving you away.—You cannot imagine how much your unaccountable absence has distressed us all."

MISSING PAGES ARE 193 & 202, IN BOOK

The Chevalier du Plessis, more and more embarrassed, defended himself but aukwardly; he complained of the climate which, he said, affected his nerves, and had obliged him to take the air of the Mountains; he added that he was in expectation of letters from France; but evaded the acknowledgment of having received any.—

"Well, well," resumed the lady, "as long as we have recovered you again, and that you have no decided preference for the wild, run away Indians, we may yet do very well; Adelaide will forgive you I am certain; and the only penance I shall impose upon you, shall be to salute us all round."—

"And are you not afraid, Madam" said he, "that so sweet a punishment should tempt me to sin again?" "Well

said," returned the lady, "I there recognize the Marquis du Plessis, the best bred and the most amiable of men!—Poor Adelaide! she is very excusable; every one will forgive her."

But a small circle comparatively were assembled at the Viscountesses that evening; she called it a family party, and set the young ladies to romp and play with the Chevalier. Mademoiselle Adelaide was incomparably the most beautiful of the sisters, and unconsciously to himself, he shewed her some distinctions, which if they could have escaped the daughter, the mother would have been careful to have pointed out.

CHAPTER XV.

LETTERS FROM FRANCE.

Two more months had elapsed, in the course of which, although the Chevalier continued his visits at the house of Madame d' Alphonse, he had sedulously avoided coming to any explanation with her. Meanwhile he had repeatedly written to his father, soliciting that time might be granted him, to deliberate on a point so essential to his happiness: To these letters he received a most violent answer; his father highly incensed at his delay, ordered him peremptorily to lose no

time in repairing it; and no longer to trifle with his word, so formally given, and the feelings of an honorable family; but as he rated his eternal displeasure, to declare himself instantly, and by redoubled assiduities, endeavour to repair his late unpardonable contempt of an union, so every way advantageous. He added, "that the Viscount d' Alphonse, little suspecting such an affront to his daughter, was hastening his return in order to be present at the nuptials, and had purchased a number of sumptuous presents for the occasion: That in short there was no receding; he, (the Marquis,) was the master, and would be obeyed."

The Chevalier du Plessis received this letter from the hands of Madame d' Alphonse, who acquainted him, "that she was apprised of the contents; and re-

quested that he would come to a determination."—

The Chevalier ran it over,—read it distinctly, he could not; his distress was so great, and so apparent, that it even moved the lady to endeavour at relieving him.

"Well my dear Marquis," said she, taking his hand, "We will talk over these things another time: I love you far too well to distress you—the subject shall be dropt for the present—a month from this day I shall expect your final answer but weigh it well, I conjure you; my husband will be returned before the time I fix,—reflect upon the advantages offered you, and do not too hastily determine upon breaking all our hearts, by refusing an amiable woman who adores you.—I have company—you lodge with us to-night."

The Chevalier gave his silent consent, and hardly knowing what he did, mixt with the gay assembly. Glad to stun reflection in apparent gaiety; and to escape a little from himself, he took Mademoiselle Adelaide's offered hand from the Viscountess, and danced with her the whole evening. Fearful that a moment's repose should restore him to recollection, he was even more eager and indefatigable than his partner, although she was particularly fond of the exercise, and valued herself upon being one of the most determined dancers, in a country where dancing was the only accomplishment, in which young women sought to excel.

Neuville danced with the eldest sister, Mademoiselle d'Alphonse, and it was a trial of strength, which couple should tire out the other; for Neuville who

could boast no other excellence, was very jealous of pre-eminence in this. As he was lively and never refused to make one in any scheme of pleasure, he could not fail of being a welcome guest in a house of this description; he was accordingly one of those who was distinguished by an invitation to pass the night.

French, English, and Spanish dances having had their turn, the company at length went to waltzing. The Chevalier not being practised in these German whirls, would have resigned his partner to Neuville; but she would by no means consent to the exchange; the Chevalier excused himself in vain; she said, "she was sure that with a little of her directions, no one would acquit themselves better."

"It is the easiest thing in nature, my dear friend," continued she, "I just lay my hands lightly upon your shoulders, so;---you hold me by the waist, and whirl we go, as quick as lightning, if the music can but play so fast. It is a mere child's play at making windmills."

The Chevalier endeavoured to place himself as directed, and the lady exclaimed exultingly, "Now! Neuville, we shall see who turns fastest, and who tires first."

The music struck up a very lively air, the couples began the waltzing; Mademoiselle Adelaide, always giddy enough, was soon rather too much so; she loosed her hold of her partner, just as he was looking an opposite way to avoid running against another couple of waltzers, and fell with such violence, her head

dashing on the ground, that she remained for several moments stunned and motionless. The Chevalier, who with some difficulty had kept his own footing soon raised her.

Deeply concerned at the accident, and reflecting upon himself as in a great measure the occasion of it; he shewed a tenderness and alarm, that led the Viscountess to consider it as a propitious event.

"Oh! what a lucky fall," she whispered him "if it does but make an impression on that stubborn heart!"

Mademoiselle Adelaide opened her eyes in his arms and smiled and wept in the same instant; "Have you really the goodness to forgive me?" said he, as he assisted to bear her to her mother's apartment.

"Alas!" said she softly, "is there any thing I could not forgive you?"

Water and drops were administered, and the young lady left to her repose. The Viscountess returned to the company leaning on the Marquis's arm, and thanking him in the warmest terms, for the attention he had shewn her daughter.

"You are formed for each other," said she, "I am sure of it—you will do her justice e're tis long."

The accident had put an end to the dancing, and the company soon after broke up. The Chevalier retired to his apartment, and after an hour of the most tormenting reflections, harrassed both in mind and body, sunk into a deep sleep.

A strange confusion of noises first awakened him: mingled complaints, screams, and groanings; people running to and fro, and even passing through his apartment to another adjoining. He could obtain no answer to his enquiries, nor hear any thing distinctly but the name of Mademoiselle Adelaide frequently repeated in a tone of alarm. He arose hastily, and followed the servants to an inner room, which proved to be that of the Viscountess.

There he found all the family assembled and lamenting over Mademoiselle Adelaide, who just recovering from a fainting fit, appeared to him to be dying.

" You have killed her," said the Viscountess to him, " you have killed us all!—this dear child is breathing her last!"

Alarmed and confounded at this heavy accusation, the Chevalier approached the suffering Adelaide, who held out her hand in token of forgiveness, but seemed incapable of speech.

"Oh! let her die your's!" exclaimed the Viscountess, "allow her — allow us all, this mournful satisfaction!"—"Yes!" continued she, holding their hands together in her's, "they were formed for each other, death alone shall disunite them. The priest I sent for upon another occasion, is here.—Monsieur l'Abbé I conjure you, be expeditious?"

The sinking eyes of the expiring beauty revived; she fixed them imploringly on those of the Chevalier, and before he was quite convinced that he was not in a dream—the indissoluble knot was tied which united their fates for ever in one!

The ceremony over, Mademoiselle Adelaide speedily recovered, and the utmost joy succeeded to the late alarm; yet was not the scheme premeditated; her mother indeed, in pressing the Chevalier to stay, was not without hope, that some favorable chance might occur, of which she was determined to avail herself; as it plainly appeared from what she had said only the day before, to a confidential friend.

"These very young men who have any merit, to distinguish them, always set an immense price upon it. As to this little foolish Chevalier of a Marquis, he is as romantic as a young girl of fifteen—I can see that he has taken into his head some idle inclination that will mar his prospects through life, and perhaps make his father disinherit him.—To decide for him, what he would never have the re-

solution to decide for himself, will be doing him a most essential service.—He is the very man for Adelaide; and he *shall* marry her, mark my words,—or I'll forfeit my name.—He will thank me all his life for my timely interference."

Nevertheless the Viscountess was far from thinking her scheme so ripe for execution as it proved. Mademoiselle Adelaide who never in her life-time had experienced either sickness or suffering, was so alarmed at awaking with a pain in her head, the consequence of her fall, which appeared to her so very violent; that she concluded herself dying, had her mother called up, and her confessor sent for; while her terrors increased by those of all about her, brought on nervous tremors and faintings, which might have deceived persons far more experienced and less compassionate than the

Chevalier; and of which the Viscountess who always had all her wits about her, availed herself as we have related.

The Chevalier thus decoyed into a marriage so utterly repugnant to his inclinations, endeavoured to make a merit of necessity; seeing all around him happy and satisfied, he struggled to subdue his own feelings, to partake those of the family, and to return the excessive fondness of his bride with the best show of tenderness in his power.

The first month of the nuptials was devoted to feasts and entertainments; the house was always thronged with company and ringing with music and merriment. Never was the heart-ach concealed under a more ostentatious display of happiness. At the expiration of this time the Viscount d'Alphonse arrived from

France. He was a little surprized, but not all displeased to find the nuptials concluded. Madame, who was absolute mistress, accounted for it in her own way. — He brought a great variety of Paris trinkets which were distributed among the family and their friends; and the general festivity suffered no interruption.

The Viscount d'Alphonse also brought letters from the senior Marquis du Plessis purporting, that as soon as he heard that the marriage he was so desirous of had taken place, he should immediately set about procuring for his son the command of a regiment, of which he had long had the promise. That he would give up to the young couple his own hotel in Paris, and a fine seat in Poitou; and that he should be impatient to embrace his daughter-in-law.

The Chevalier, or rather the young Marquis, for so we should long since have called him, obliged to acknowledge his father's letters, set himself reluctantly to the task. As yet, he had not put pen to paper since his unpropitious nuptials.—He wrote likewise, as has already been seen, to his uncle and the Baron de Montfier—all the letters were shorter than usual, and by no means in the stile of a man, who was intoxicated with his happiness.

In the mean time the young Marchioness began to show herself very impatient for the Colonel's commission, and the journey to Paris; and in short, for any thing not immediately to be attained. Her husband, who conscious of the little return of affection his heart could make her, endeavoured to atone for it, by the gratification of every ca-

price, soon found that it was an impracticable task.

The natural endowments of the young bride, were not contemptible and a particular quickness of apprehension and at repartee procured her credit for much more than she really possessed: but her mind being totally uncultivated, could supply no resource for herself, nor rational delight for her husband. Her wit unrestrained by judgment or candor was poignant and dangerous; and her quickness of apprehension not more an advantage to her, for she never acknowledged a mistake, or gave up a first impression.

Accustomed from her infancy to tyrannize over the domestic slaves, the finest feelings of her heart had been blunted,

while her passions naturally strong, and her caprices proportionably numerous, had never been checked by controul. A nearer acquaintance could not reconcile the Marquis du Plessis to his fate; even if the strong contrast indelibly engraven on his heart had not rendered every defect more glaringly disgustful.

CHAPTER XVI.

OTHER LETTERS FROM FRANCE.

While the young Marquis du Plessis's dispatches were on their way to Europe, letters from his dearest friends arrived thence for him. The Baron de Montfier appeared to the sick heart of the bridegroom, to express himself with even more than his accustomed tenderness. Each of his children had written a few lines for their presents; and Clara expressed the utmost delight with her parrot.

(. . .

"How I wish, my dear friend," she said in her letter, "that I could return "you any thing half so agreeable! your "bird delivers his little phrases so "apropos, that we are all ready to "fancy he understands us.—He sits on "the back of my chair while I write, "and repeats, 'Oh the poor Chevalier!' "as if he knew my employment—My "papa says, your island does not abound "in singing birds, perhaps a young "canary of my own breed would be "acceptable.—Adieu, believe that I shall "have the greatest pleasure in rearing "one for you."

The perusal of these few lines roused the Marquis from the apathy that had benumbed his heart, to the keenest sense of his unhappiness. After kissing them a thousand times, he flew to his apartment, snatched from his escrutoire all

the letters he had received from Montfier, and wrapping them in the handkerchief which had fallen from Clara when he saw her for the last time, he deposited the precious parcel in his bosom, and precipitately quitted the roof where all his hopes of domestic bliss had been crushed so fatally; without imparting, or indeed well knowing his own intentions.

The heat was intense; it was at an hour when no person who could help it, ever quitted the shelter of their houses; but of this inconvenience he was far too ill at ease to be sensible; arrived at the town he applied for leave of absence, and dispatched a messenger home for La Roche, and to give notice to the family, that he was going on a hunting excursion to the country. Without waiting for the evening breeze he set out, impatient to seek in the

wildest recesses of the woods and mountains a refuge from his fate and from himself.

Monsieur de Montfier among other things that he thought might contribute to the amusement of his friend, had sent some of the German songs with the notes, which it has been said he sometimes diverted his leisure with imitating. The Marquis looked them over in his retirement, and being struck with the following, which he thought bore some analogy to his situation, or at least to his sense of it, would sometimes sing it to the forlorn echoes of these immense solitudes, and "find a luxury in grief."

SONG.

In love's fond arms is sweet repose,
As in the earth's deep centre;
Yet where the fev'rish bosom glows,
'Tis hard for rest to enter.

Too well I feel this cruel truth,
And waste in sighs and tears my youth.

In earth's cold bed is sweet repose,
And quiet unmolested;
The full heart there resigns its woes,
And ſorrow's head is rested.
How sweet the sleep that locks so fast,
Till Paradise awake at last!

When shall I taste this gentle rest,
My grief's no more retracing;
Which dwells within the earth's still breast,
Cold death with love embracing?
Then shall these aching eye-lids close,
This wearied heart find sweet repose.

The Marquis du Plessis spent several days in sad retrospection of those schemes of happiness, which had flitted before his youthful fancy, "like the baseless fabric of a vision." He had nevertheless too much strength of mind as well as Chris-

tian philosophy, to give himself up to unavailing regret. The first paroxysms of grief somewhat abated, he determined to return without delay to his distasteful home. This resolution, which cost him some painful struggles, was hardly formed, when directing his steps about sun-set along a very intricate part of the forest, a black female figure darted by him, with the speed of an affrighted fawn, and before he had quite lost sight of it, stumbled against the root of a tree, and fell; uttering a loud scream. As he hastened to the spot to give his assistance, the fugitive redoubled her cries, hid her face with her hands and endeavoured to rise; but in the fall she had received a severe strain, and was unable to accomplish her purpose.

" Do not be alarmed, poor unfortunate," said the Marquis in a tone of compa-

sion, "I come to assist, not to betray thee."

The woman lifting up her head discovered a countenance well known to him, even that of Rosette his first purchase, and the favorite attendant of his lady!—

"No take me, no take me, dear, good massa!" said the poor girl endeavouring to grasp his knees, "Madame kill poor Rosette—see how she make me whip," pointing to the wounds on her bare and lacerated shoulders.—

"These are sad testimonials indeed, my poor Rosette," said her master, "but what did Rosette to deserve them? Tell me the truth poor girl; return home quietly and no harm shall befall thee."

"No go home, no go home never, dear massa," eagerly she interrupted, "Rosette whip for ting she no do—Rosette, kill for run away."

She then related in her imperfect language, that her lady having missed a valuable ring, she was accused of the theft, and without further investigation whipped for being accused; and the stripes, with a view to extort confession, so cruelly repeated, that she had fled to the mountains in despair, as her only asylum from such injustice and oppression. As the Marquis held out his hand to assist her to rise, she discovered upon his finger, the identical ring she had been accused of stealing—"Oh! Massa, Massa! exclaimed she joyfully "you tief! you steal lady ring."—

He immediately recollected that in his hurry and absence of mind, he had put on the ring with which, he had but a very little before presented his lady. Thus fully convinced of the innoçence of poor Rosette, he felt doubly indignant, at the unjust and tyrannical proceeding that had compelled her to wander. La Roche who always followed the marquis at a distance, having heard the cry of distress, now drew near; and his master gave him the fugitive in charge.—

"Conduct her back, and tell your lady from me," said he, "that you have seen on my finger the ring Rosette has been punished for stealing; and that it is my most earnest request, that she may be kindly received and no notice taken of her escap e——I may perhaps, be at home almost as soon as you, but I send you

expressly, that no misunderstanding may happen, or be pretended."—

It may easily be apprehended that this incident did not increase the Marquis's eagerness to revisit home; he felt that he should be ill able to conceal the indignation it excited, and continued to invent excuses to himself for further delay; till his leave of absence expiring, he could delay no longer.

At *Port au Prince* he met the Abbé de Ronceau whom he had not seen since his marriage; this gentleman began the discourse by complimenting him upon it, repeating very minutely, every thing he had ever heard, in praise either of the young Marchioness, or her family.

"I never had the honor of seeing your lady but once," said the Abbé, "but that was enough to convince me

that you are the happiest man in the world. I do not mean in regard to beauty, I know that is of little consequence in a wife; but I soon discovered that she has the sweetest temper, and the best heart in the world,—she is always laughing."

"That, to be sure is an infallible sign" said the Marquis, unable to suppress a smile, "I hope, nevertheless you do not set me down as ill-tempered; because I am not very prone to laughter?"

"I must be unjust indeed," returned the Abbé, "to form such an opinion, after the pleasure of a month's residence with you, wherein I never once saw your temper ruffled. However, my dear Sir, with all deference be it spoken, I fear you are a little subject to melancholy—I took the liberty to wait upon you on

a visit of congratulation, as soon as I thought it might be convenient to you to see me, and was much surprized, to understand that you had been some days absent."

The Abbé then with his usual candour and simplicity, related to the Marquis, the observations to which his absence had given rise, the consequent uneasiness of his lady and her family, enlarging in his way, on the duties of matrimony; and the blame that might so justly be attached to those who separate themselves, without sufficient cause; the irregularities to which such proceedings might give rise, &c. &c. He concluded with saying, "some people were so unjust as to give out that a disappointment in regard to your lady's fortune, had given you disgust; but I know you to be above such considerations."

The Marquis who had been listening to him, or rather not listening to him, a little impatiently; was somewhat surprized at this last intimation. As yet he had never mentioned a word of his wife's portion, nor had any thing been said to him about it. He reflected for a moment that it might be proper to inquire into the subject; but it was but for a moment; recollecting himself he thanked the well intentioned Abbé for his remonstrance, adding, "come and watch over my conduct, my good friend, and tell me when I act amiss, for I confess I am no longer able to guide myself."

The Abbé de Ronceau, who had heard some vague reports, relative to the circumstances of the marriage, was shocked at the melancholy tone in which this short sentence was delivered.

"I am afraid Sir," said he, "that the house of the Viscountess your Mother is a little too gay for me; nevertheless I shall sometimes have the honour of calling upon you there."

When the Marquis returned home, his first enquiries were after Rosette.

"*Mais vous n'y pensez pas Monsieur,*" said Madame d' Alphonse, "of what are you thinking sir? You leave your wife for a month, and your first inquiries are after her maid? How has my daughter deserved such treatment of you?"

"I beg yours and your daughters pardon Madame," returned he, "if the state in which I saw poor Rosette, and of which I was unfortunately the cause, led me to be particularly anxious about her; our first inquiries are naturally after

the sick and the unhappy—I hope no other of the family falls under this description."

"My daughter is under circumstances wherein women are seldom perfectly well," replied the Viscountess, "I am sorry it interests you so little——she keeps her room."

The Marquis upon this intimation, hastened to the apartment of his lady, who was making the most of a very slight indisposition, and the first symtoms of pregnancy. She appeared out of humor, and received him but coldly; while he on his part, moved by her apparent languor, and the hint he had received from her mother, treated her with great tenderness, and did not advert to the circumstances that had given him so much disgust, till she herself introduced it.

"So! Monsieur—you met with my woman, it seems, very opportunely?"

"Very opportunely, indeed," he replied, "to prove her innocence, and restore to you a valuable servant, whom I dare say, you received as I wished; and are very sorry to have so hastily judged,—Where is she?" continued he looking round for her, for her usual place was behind her mistresses chair.

"You may rest assured that she is properly taken care of Sir," returned the lady, "a favorite of yours is intitled to all possible attention and indulgence---but another time I should rather excuse your giving her my trinkets."

"Giving her your trinkets my dear Adelaide!" said the Marquis, with a look of the most unfeigned astonishment.

" Well, screening her then, if she thinks proper to take them—It is much the same thing."

" What do you mean Madame?" said the Marquis, " what strange insinuations are these?"

" I mean Sir," resumed the lady " that I am not quite the child you take me for; and that it is clear Rosette was in the secret of your haunts tho' I was not—you knew where to find each other that is plain—Meet by chance in the Forrest! a likely story truly,—where a runaway slave will elude the most diligent researches—however, Sir, I am highly obliged both by her company and yours.—She is not quite fit to entertain you just at present—I have ordered her where she will be made so—to be bathed

and perfumed," continued the Marchioness with a malignant sneer.

"*Quel enfantillage!*" said the Marquis, "How childish is this, my dearest Adelaide? Here take your ring and recover your serenity:—How concerned am I, that an involuntary fault of mine, should have given rise to so many mistakes!—The circumstance has not been properly explained to you—favor me with a few minutes patience and attention."

"Patience!" exclaimed the lady, furiously interrupting him and throwing him the ring, "I have had the patience of Job!" she then lost all utterance in rage, and gave way to such an excess of passion, as shocked her husband for the effect it might have upon her constitution, and proved upon his own

U

account, a very unpleasant discovery; for he never could have suspected, her apparent carelessness and good humour, of a disposition to paroxysms of such violence.

After half an hour of the most intemperate rage, she became quite exhausted and sunk into tears and sulleness. Her husband after many vain endeavours to soothe and pacify her, finding all his endeavours ineffectual left her to her spleen.

He was not long suffered to remain in ignorance of the treatment that had been inflicted on Rosette at her return. The other servants, who were all negroes, were eager enough to inform la Roche, that the instant he left the house to go back to his master, she had been flogged with such severity, that it was found

necessary to send her to the hospital to be taken care of, where she still remained.—

Her father, whose employment kept him at a distance from the house, was happily ignorant of the whole transaction; but the Marquis du Plessis, incensed, as well at the injustice and cruelty of such proceeding, as at the little regard paid to his request, no longer master of his temper, hastened to his mother-in-law with his complaint. The lady was in her dressing room, engaged at her toilette and surrounded with company. In vain did he solicit a particular audience of only five minutes: observing the discomposure of his countenance, she absolutely refused him.

" What can have happened to you, my good friend?" said she, " you! a

bridegroom? — you look as if you had been married seven years — I hope you don't come to complain of your wife, who has so much reason to complain of you?"

The Marquis was retiring in evident displeasure—" I must follow him," said she to the company, " or he will have ano.her excursion to the mountains."

She accordingly went as far as the door: when informed of the subject of his chagrin, she laughed in his face and returning to the company, whither he involuntarily followed her, she addressed them aloud:

" Here is my fine son-in-law with his easiness, his benevolence, and his tender feelings, would breed an insurrection in the colony — A slave runs away and is not to be punished for it! — Why, my

dear sir, are you blind to half the ill consequences of such a proceeding?—I suppose my daughter and I are to ask Rosette's pardon—There can be no such thing as injustice in regard to slaves, my good friend. They are our property, to use, misuse, or abuse as we think fit. We take care of them, as of our other goods and chattles for our own sakes. We should be unjust to ourselves if we did not—that is all—The European method of treating servants would never do here; it would very soon reduce us to be servants ourselves—When I promise you, we should have worse treatment than any we inflict—Pray do not shake my poor chair so Marquis," continued she, " have a little feeling for the poor dumb thing."

Then glancing an arch look at her son-in-law, she told Neuville in a loud

whisper, "that Rosette had always been a favorite and protegé of the Marquis's ever since his first arrival, when he had been so struck with her, as to make a very bad bargain in her purchase."

"All that is very allowable you know," continued the lady, "but as to screening her from punishment when she runs away,—that, the laws of sound policy and self security will never admit."

Hearts like that of the Marquis du Plessis, can alone form an idea of his indignation at this ill-timed pleasantry; he felt his choler rise, and hastily retired to controul or to conceal it.

A series of similar occurrences did not tend to fix his heart there, where he had so reluctantly bestowed his hand.

His temper nevertheless triumphed over continual provocations, but if his philosophy acquired strength, it was at the expence of his happiness.—Observing one day to his wife on the forward impertinence of Neuville, who was always of Madame d'Alphonse's parties, and for ever at the house, she replied;

"I know he is very insupportable; I have long been sick of his insolence and would box his ears if I dared; but we must put up with it, *C'est le bon ami de Maman*, he is my Mama's particular friend. — We must make allowances for such little excusable weaknesses."

"You think then, Madam," said the Marquis, with an air of some displeasure, "that they are allowable, and at all ages?"

"Doubtless I do," said the lady, bursting into a loud laugh, "so with all its wisdom and discernment, pretty dear! it really did not suspect that Mama had a lover? Oh! she is very engaging still—I wish I may be half so handsome at her age, and equally moderate; for I really believe, she has but one."

The Marquis du Plessis, little better reconciled to this speech, for the air of banter which accompanied it; made no answer, but from that moment began seriously to reflect, that the sooner he removed his wife from such principles and such example, the better chance he should have, of awakening in her inexperienced mind, a sense of honor, of virtue, and of decorum; and the result was, that he very soon after proposed to her Mother, that preparations should be made for their departure to Europe.

The young Marchioness very eagerly acceded to the scheme; but her Mother who expected that it would lead to an eclaircissement, relative to her daughter's fortune, which she was not much disposed to give, made some objections.

In effect, the Abbé de Ronceau's intimation, on this subject was by no means destitute of foundation. The world which is apt to judge by appearances, had rated the wealth of the Viscount d'Alphonse according to the splendor of his establishment; but this ingulphed his whole income and sometimes much more, nor could he without the greatest inconvenience, spare any thing for his daughter during his life-time. The dexterous manœuvre of this lady, in marrying her second daughter, was thus founded upon the soundest policy.

The young Marquis, who, if he thought at all upon the subject of his lady's portion, concluded that his father had been satisfied on that head, would probably have left the island without coming to any explanation, if a letter from the old gentleman had not arrived just in time to order him to make it. A very laconic answer from Madame d'Alphonse settled the business.

"Her daughter," she said, "would have a child's part, at the death of her parents; but they should give her nothing for the present."

The Marquis, accustomed to conquer his feelings, forbore saying, what it was impossible to him not to think; but an increase of disgust towards his mother-in-law, and the humiliating idea of having been her dupe, urged him to hasten the

preparations for their departure. He took an affectionate leave of the Abbé du Ronceau, who wept like an infant at the separation. He was however well reconciled to his own situation. Finding continual exercise for his benevolence, among the poor negroes, to whom he contrived to be very useful: sometimes he screened them from punishment, sometimes he procured them to be removed to a plantation, where they had relations or country people. Sometimes he would make collections among the charitable, and purchase the freedom of a few whom he found particularly well disposed, or procure them to be purchased from brutal masters,—ever at hand to instruct and console them; he was looked upon as their tutelary angel. He was as happy as a Prince, and certainly would not have exchanged conditions with one unless it had been in hopes of having

his power of doing good, enlarged, and becoming more generally useful.

The Marquis left no other friend to regret; he gave the good Abbé a sum of money to be disposed of in the charitable acts he had undertaken, and six months from his unpropitious nuptials, embarked with his lady, la Roche, Bonaventure, Rosette, and a numerous suite of attendants, on board a merchantman for Marseilles.

CHAPTER XVII.

VOYAGE TO FRANCE.

The Marchioness du Plessis, who had embarked on the voyage with infantine eagerness, on the second day began to complain of its length; and was not even so long in convincing her husband that she left none of her caprices behind.

Before she was sick she affected to be so; she was perpetually complaining of the confinement and bad accommo-

dation; quarrelling with every kind of provision that had been procured, and longing for every thing it was not pos sible to procure.

After a few days of fair weather and fine sailing, a rough and contrary gale suddenly sprung up, which tossed the vessel with some violence, drove her out of her course; and made all the passengers too sick to be alarmed. The young Marchioness was among the greatest of the sufferers, and being for some hours unable to complain, or shew any symptom of caprice; she excited the interest her late affectation had totally failed of procuring her. This interval of calmness was however not long; as the storm abated, her impatience arose; she accused the captain, the vessel, and the crew, but above all her husband, for exposing her to so much inconve-

nience and danger; and assuming the high tone of authority, which she was accustomed to use towards her slaves and dependants, she insisted on being immediately landed. Endeavours to convince her of the impracticability of what she required, were about as effectual, as if they had been addressed to the winds themselves: weakened as she was by her late sufferings, she mounted upon deck, and addressing the captain, a very rough son of Neptune, she repeated her command, assuring him that nothing should induce her to spend another night on board. Instead of laughing at the childish and ridiculous whim, or at all allowing for the feelings of a fine lady in a situation so new to her, the surly seaman taking her roughly by the arm, ordered her to return to her cabin. "he would have no woman to interrupt him in his business, much less to give him ,or-

ders, which on board his own vessel he received from no one; that he would throw her overboard with all his heart, and then she might get on shore how she could; but that was all he could do to oblige her; and which he did not doubt would be obliging every one else at the same time, particularly her husband; for if he himself had such a wife, it was the way he should have got rid of her long before."

Astonished into silence at a language so new to her, and rather alarmed at the menace, enforced with a few oaths which we have omitted, the Marchioness abated of her high tone and returned very quietly to her cabin—for turbulence will yield to superior turbulence, in cases where reason and prudence might plead for ever in vain.

Bonaventure gained much upon his master's esteem during the voyage; he gave proofs of a solidity of understanding, rarely to be met with in persons of his colour, and not very common in its most opposite shade. The Marquis du Plessis observing with what eagerness he seized every opportunity of instruction, ordered La Roche to give him lessons in reading and writing, which he would frequently superintend himself; for the pupil trod fast upon the heels of his master, whose talents, it must be confessed, were better adapted for the outward than inward ornament of the head.

The young Marchioness would frequently rally her husband upon the trouble he gave himself with a negro slave; this however had little effect; he was none of those weak minds, who

are to be awed by ridicule, or laughed out of their principles or their duties. He continued to direct and assist the endeavours of his scholar, and found in this benevolent occupation a never-failing remedy against spleen and *ennui.*

Whatever improvement Bonaventure derived he was eager to impart to his daughter Rosette, and although she had neither her father's abilities nor his taste for application, yet affection for him supplied their place, and produced an emulation not altogether fruitless; perhaps, the unreasonable opposition of her lady, which often obliged her to take her lessons by stealth, might a little increase her taste for them; however that might be, she learned to read during the voyage; and as a great deal is always to be acquired by teaching, her father much facilitated his own improve-

ment, by his endeavours to share it with her.

The affection of this slave to his master was a more amiable, though less striking feature in his character; attentive to every turn of his countenance his anxious eye followed him with the engaging earnestness of a faithful spaniel, whose whole affections are concentrated in the one sentiment of gratitude and and attachment to its proprietor.

The Marquis du Plessis approached his native country, with mingled sensations, wherein he himself could hardly distinguish, whether pleasure or pain was most predominant. When he caught the first view of his native shore, rising faintly above the horizon, and heard the exulting cries of the seamen, his bosom

heaved, and his heart swelled almost to bursting.

"And is it thus I return?" said he mournfully, as the land seemed gradually to advance to meet him. "Is it thus I greet you, my native plains? short-sighted mortals that we are! who could have persuaded me that the pang which rent my heart at my departure from ye, was transport compared with what I now feel at beholding ye again?—I left ye indeed with regret; but not without hope. An exile then, only from home. I return, but in what manner?—an exile from happiness.—Oh! the difference between the grief that can be painted—expressed in rhyme—set to a tune—and that which defies all description, all expression!—Between that which flows in torrents from the eyes, and that which rushes back again upon the heart, and

cannot find the relief of tears or utterance!"

Meanwhile the young Marchioness had heard in her cabin, that they were within sight of land; her joy was without bounds; she flew upon the deck, where her husband was standing with his arms folded and motionless as a statue, absorbed in the reflections, we have been attempting to describe. She jumped round his neck, first kissed and then quarrelled with him, for not himself bringing her the good news.

"Truly," said she, "you have not been to St. Domingo for nothing—you might pass for papa's own son—but he indeed is an old man of a matter of forty: when he was of your age he was as lively as other people.—Oh! dear, delightful France! that I have heard so

much of; that I have been so long dying to see—Is it possible for any thing but a brute to behold you without rapture?—And after being shut up so long in this dismal dungeon; sick of it to death, and of every thing it contains—the sight of the land of hottentots would delight me—but dear, dear France! land of pleasure and delights!—for heavens sake, Marquis, don't look so like a new purchased slave, or I'll pinch you till I make you feel, as when a little girl, I used to do them."

"I give you joy, my dear Adelaide," said the Marquis, embracing her, "and do most sincerely enjoy your happiness. When you are a little older, you will perhaps discover, that people may be very happy, when not at all merry, and that with regard both to pleasure and

pain, it is perhaps, exactly those who feel the most, who express the least."

"Oh! for pity's sake no more of your philosophical reflections," said the Marchioness patting him on the cheek, "for my part I see no difference between a stone that cannot feel, and a stock that never lets you perceive whether it does or not."

She then began dancing upon the deck, with her attendant Rosette, and suddenly leaving off, flew to the captain.

"So, old Crusty! will you land me now, or throw me into the sea as you threatened? I shall soon be out of your clutches, you old fright; and if ever you catch me there again, I'll throw myself overboard to save you the trouble." The Captain

made an aukward apology for his former incivility; which she immediately assured him was forgotten, and as a proof of it; ordered a bottle of her best liquor for the regale of him and his crew.

The wind which had hitherto been generally favorable, now sunk altogether; and a dead calm which continued two days, raised the impatience of Madame du Plessis to something very like, a storm. She was insupportable to herself and all about her, venting her spleen as it happened, on her husband or slaves. A fresh breeze springing up the third night, speedily recovered the lost time, and brought the vessel in the morning into port.

"We are arrived my dear Adelaide," said the Marquis entering her cabin, "a boat is waiting to land us."

The Marchioness at this intimation, sprang from her bed, and could hardly be prevailed on to stay to change her night dress—she was frantic with joy—and shewed it like a child or a person distracted.

The Marquis dispatched la Roche to his father with news of their safe arrival. He disposed himself to follow with his family in a couple of days, and in the mean time, amused himself, with the *naiveté* of the remarks, which a scene so new both to his lady and her attendants, continually extorted from them. He was nevertheless, sometimes a little mortified to find those of Bonaventure his servant, more ingenious than those of his lady. A shower of hail which fell very soon after their arrival equally surprized them both; but while the Marchioness laughed like a child, and

was half persuaded to be of opinion with Rosette, that the stones were sugar plumbs, Bonaventure asked a number of pertinent questions which proved the rational curiosity of an active intelligent mind.

The Marquis, his lady and suite, proceeded by easy journies to Paris, where they were received by his Father with open arms. The beauty of the young Marchioness and her engaging vivacity, did not fail of their usual effect upon strangers; The old gentleman was captivated at first sight, and desired to retain an apartment in the hotel, which he meant to have ceded intirely to the young couple. This determination speedily effected his cure; the Marchioness was only dangerous to those with whom she did not reside, and who saw her in her intervals of good humour; when surrounded with admirers, and laying

herself out for applause and conquest.—She was one of those fine pictures, which must be contemplated at a distance or in a particular light; and which lose their effect, when beheld too often or too near.

A very short abode in this meridian of the Sun of gaiety sufficed to place the young Marchioness at the head of the ton; she was the most followed, the most courted, the most flattered, if not the most admired of any woman in Paris. All the idle men of fashion, were at her toilet, and all the women of the same description of her parties. Her life was a continual round of pleasure—a perpetual fête. It however suffered some little interruption by the necessary confinement to which the birth of a daughter obliged her. This however, she took care to make as short as possible,

for suffering less under such circumstances, than it is usual for European women to do, she would by no means subject herself to their restraints. At the expiration of a week she received company; and in the course of another went out with as little precaution as before. The child was given up to the black nurse, she had brought over to suckle it; and by the end of the month, she seemed to have forgotten that she had given it birth.

The young Marquis, who had flattered himself, that the feelings of maternity, would have operated some favorable change in the disposition of his lady, felt his disappointment with the keenest pain.—The nursery was the only part of his house that was supportable to him; and there he would seek a refuge, from the eternal succession of visitors, which

swarmed all over his apartments, and rendered the house an ever shifting scene of tumult and dissipation.

Here he would hang over his child; and as he contemplated her infant smiles and observed the resemblance which her features already began to assume to those of her mother, inwardly pray, that she might be as unlike to her as possible in mind.

In answer to the old gentleman's repeated questions about the marriage contract, and the portion of his daughter-in-law; his son had found himself obliged to explain the circumstances that had set aside the usual preliminaries. The old Marquis was outrageous at this relation; and not content with resting the blame where it was due, he reproached his son with tameness and imbecillity; for having

taken it for granted, that he himself, would not have been so strenuous for a match of which the advantages were not certainly known to him. However he had been indefatigable in his endeavours to procure the promised regiment and had succeeded. The new appointed Colonel received the orders to join, with more pleasure than the commission itself. Frustrated of all hope, of that sweet, domestic bliss, he was so eminently formed to enjoy and to bestow, his home became distasteful to him, and he felt relieved at the idea of any plan that was to remove him at a distance from it, and divert his mind from continually adverting to the overthrow of all his air built schemes of happiness.

Not however satisfied to leave his child, in the impure atmosphere of a great city, and with so negligent a

mother; he proposed that it should be removed into the country, and knowing the air of M ntfier to be peculiarly soft and salubrious, he recommended that village in preference to his own seat in *Poitou*, which was rather in a damp situation.

There was no danger of opposition on the part of its mother, unless it had been for oppositions sake, a plan she sometimes adopted. In this instance however, she was passive, if not reasonable; telling her husband that he might take the brat wherever he pleased, provided she had no trouble about it, and was not within the noise of its squalling. The Marquis was a little consoled by her acceptance of his plan, for her manner of doing it. To remove his child at a distance from such a mother; and to place it under the immediate inspection of friends, on whose care and tenderness, he could so

safely rely, afforded him unspeakable relief.

"Clara will sometimes look upon my little Constance," thought he, "Clara will be interested for her, for the sake of her friend—Clara loves helpless innocence;—She will watch the first dawnings of my daughter's infant reason, and inspire her with all the loveliness of virtue—I shall have a daughter, if I have no wife, and a daughter like Clara will be the next blessing to such a wife."

Consoled, and even delighted with these reflections, the Marquis hastened the preparations for his departure. Rosette was permitted to attend the little Constance, as an assistant to the wet nurse; and Bonaventure was always of his master's suite.

The Marchioness took a gay leave of her husband, enjoining him not to be inquisitive about her conduct, when she allowed him the utmost range with regard to his: "*Amusez vous,*" she said, "*je m'amuserai.*"

"Pursue your pleasures, I shall pursue mine."

She then told him she was going to dress for a ball, and wished him a very good night.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A VIEW OF MONTFIER.

Early the next morning the family set off on their journey, and travelling by easy stages, were some time in accomplishing it.

The Marquis du Plessis, however delighted in the main, with the success of his scheme; was not without uneasiness on account of his lady. He had indeed left her under the roof of his father; but a married woman of fashion in France was not

bound to acknowledge the paternal controul, or indeed, any other. She might receive whoever she pleased, go where, and with whom she thought fit; and provided, her indiscretions were only to be surmised, commit as many as she was inclined to.

The name of a jealous husband, was more ridiculed than any other; and the men in general, were less afraid of being duped, than laughed and pointed at.

Yet custom, which allowed every possible accommodation to the lovers of intrigue, had nevertheless established certain boundaries on no account to be transgressed.—Conviction would have been indelible infamy. Elopement was therefore unknown, and open violation of the laws of decorum very little practised. Every lady of condition had in her apartments,

her *boudoir* where no well-bred husband ever intruded without permission; and where it was no scandal to receive any one.

Women of the best morals and character received their visitors, female or male at their ruelle or in their boudoir, and thus sanctioned a custom, which if others abused, they were certainly unpardonable in not being contented with; and the inexorable laws of society, the only laws, upon no account to be dispensed with, could hardly be thought too rigid in giving them up. However, as it was by no means certain, that the young marchioness, would subject herself even to fashionable restraints, and she being likewise of that class of women, who not unfrequently lose their reputation while they preserve their virtue, her husband was a little uneasy, and having

made these reflections during the first days journey, determined on the next, to impart them to his father: he accordingly wrote him an earnest request, to superintend the conduct of his young wife, to direct and admonish her, and even to remove her into the country—in case her indiscretions should become too glaring, and palpable.

The regiment of which the young Marquis was going to take the command, was at this time stationed at Angiers, from whence to Montfier the distance was not so great; but that he could easily make that village in his way.

To his Uncle, the good Curé, he had written to give notice of his arrival; it nevertheless happened that he reached the presbytery before the letters of advice.

The surprize of seeing him thus unexpectedly increased, if possible, that worthy man's joy; nevertheless his housekeeper was a little discomposed to be taken so unawares and unprovided,—great was the bustle; every one however assisting, the guests were speedily arranged.—

"Where is Madame?" said the Curé, "she would not then condescend to visit her old uncle?"

"She has sent you her daughter," said the Marquis, evading a direct answer to the question, and the Curé very much delighted, did not repeat it.

Early the next morning the Marquis directed his steps towards the castle; as he came in view of the venerable and

well-known battlements a violent palpitation seized him, which to recover, he turned aside through the wood, that led to the chapel and the octagon bower, to the left of the building. — A thousand interesting ideas were connected with these shades; and not a shrub was displaced of which he did not recollect the exact situation; yet many had been removed as well as some added; the walks had been taught to serpentine, and some new plantations made in the English taste, under the direction of Mr. Forrest. On some of the old trees the name of Clara had been graven by his own hand; and he recognised several shrubs which when children they had planted together. On one of these, a thorn, he observed that fruit had been grafted; it overhung a rustic bench formed of the root of a tree, and particular attention seemed to have been bestowed on the spot within

its vicinage; the grass was neatly cut and weeded, and various kinds of garden flowers flourished among the verdure.—The Marquis seated himself upon the bench, and casting his eyes on the turf opposite discovered that it was cut into letters forming the inscription *A l'Ami.*

" *A l'Ami,*" repeated he aloud, "dear and tender friends! the poor exile was not then forgotten?" And tears of relief gushed from his oppressed bosom. Absorbed in his emotions, and with the handkerchief of Clara before his eyes, he heard no one approach, and was surprised in this situation by Clara herself. She had been paying her early devotions at the Chapel, accompanied hy her brothers; and while they were running about in pursuit of birds'-nests and their little sports; she was coming to wait for them at her usual resting place; the bench *de l'Ami.*

Unapprised of the arrival of any stranger, she was a little alarmed to find one in such a situation; and not in the least surmizing who it might be, she gave a faint scream, and was hastily retiring, when the Marquis lifted up his head and discovered his countenance, upon which she gazed with mingled surprize, concern, and apprehension; doubtful whether she saw an apparition or a reality and whether to fly or to remain. The Marquis made his obedience with much confusion, and endeavoured to apologize for the little alarm he had occasioned her, the handkerchief he did not think of concealing; and the border was so remarkable, it was not possible to escape her notice, as he continued to wipe his face with it, as if oppressed rather by heat than emotion.

Clara herself much agitated and affect-

ed, was however the first to recover the faculty of speech and a little presence of mind. She enquired after his health and about his arrival; and forced him into a conversation concerning indifferent things, that gave him time to recover.—As they walked together to the Castle he explained the cause of his arriving so unexpectedly; from his letters of advice not having been received, there having been no messenger sent to the post town for more than a week previous to it. — The conversation that ensued was not very animated; Clara now and then asked a question which the Marquis answered without knowing what he said; it was indeed immaterial, as she did not enquire for information but to affect unconcern; and in the next minute was sure to return the compliment in kind.

The children overtook them, a little before they reached the Castle; their delight at seeing their old friend, and their artless and loud expressions of it much relieved the feelings of both.

"Here is such a stranger!" said Clara, running to announce him to her father. The stranger was following and received a welcome that brought tears into the eyes of all present.

As they breakfasted together, the Baron perceiving that questions into his friend's affairs, greatly distressed him, repressed his own curiosity, however founded upon the tenderest interest, to avoid wounding the feelings of his guest. That he was ill at ease, was but too evident; all his vivacity had forsaken him, a vein of melancholy pierced through all his endeavours to conceal it; and the

scene upon the whole was more like the parting than the meeting of friends.

When the Marquis had explained the cause of his journey, and mentioned that he had brought his little girl, he added, that he was scrupulous of leaving his uncle the incumbrance of a young child, and attendants that might be troublesome; but that he hoped to find in the vicinage some cottage where they might be comfortably accommodated; "and my friends," said he, "will I am sure sometimes look in upon my little Constance, and extend their friendship for the father to the child."

During this speech of the Marquis's, Clara looked earnestly at her father.

"To be sure my child," said he, immediately understanding her mute appeal,

"The daughter of my friend and her attendants, can lodge no where but under my roof.—Say not a word, Chevalier, for so I must always call you; you know I have apartments, and you ought to be convinced that they cannot be occupied so much to my satisfaction."

The Marquis made a few modest difficulties, that did not at all conceal the pleasure he received from this friendly offer, and concluded with accepting it.

The Presidente de Blanville was still at the Castle; where she continued to adhere to Paris customs, and of course did not appear at an early breakfast; but understanding from her women that the Marquis du Plessis was arrived there, she sent him an invitation to attend her *levée*.

"Oh! Marquis!" exclaimed the lady, as he entered her apartment, "how amiable you are to visit us in these desarts!—*Peste!* I had almost forgotten to give you joy—ha-ha-ha!—Where is your Lady?—You have not left her behind I hope—Do you know that I am dying to see her!—*Peste!*—What! the finest woman in all America, and a great fortune too?—You have had your luck, Marquis, not that I am at all surprized—You might have done just as well at Paris, amiable as you are, without going so far; and so, I have often told the Marquis your father,—ha-ha-ha! But have you really left this Paragon? and hardly married a year—*Peste!* 'tîs beginning by times; to leave her at liberty already—But my women say, you have brought your little girl—we shall see her at least, I hope."

As soon as the lady had ran herself out of breath; the Marquis explained the reasons of his journey, and adverting to the Baron's kind offer, expressed the highest sense of it.

" *Peste!*" exclaimed the Presidente, " take a squalling infant here! 'tis kinder to you than to me, truly Marquis—My brother loves children better than I do, — that's certain. — however I suppose they will take care to lodge it in the farthest wing, where it may squall itself to death, and I not hear it; for if it is any where near me, it will infallibly drive me off, rather sooner than I intended; and I must confess, in spite of my aversion to solitude and the country that my health is considerably mended since my abode here—ha-ha-ha!—Well, but Marquis, I hope you

intend to stay too — Here have I been shut out of all human society the whole summer!—The Abbé de Louverie, the only rational being to be met with, is gone—A stupid Englishman, with whom I have been obliged to take up, for want of better company — *le mortel le plus ennuyeux.* —The dullest of mortals! — ha-ha-ha— Oh! Marquis, you should see him, when I am endeavouring to inspire him with a little life—So sheepish! so *embarassé*— ha-ha-ha — but he is gone a culling of simples; and I'm afraid you will not see him — *Peste!* how grave you are grown, you are almost as bad as Monsieur La Fórret!—" Allons Mademoiselle Fanchon, do make haste, and finish my toilette; I shall take a walk this morning. — The Marquis will be my Chevalier — I have a thousand things to say to him."

The Marquis du Plessis with little more taste for the honour designed him, than Mr. Forrest himself, had nevertheless more the habits of complaisance and attention to the commands of the ladies; and though the scheme suited his convenience as little as his inclination, respect for the sister of his friend overbalanced every objection; and he made his bow of acquiescence. However he engaged the rest of the family to be of the party, and thought he had gained a great deal by this arrangement; but he was mistaken; The Presidente was determined to have his company all to herself; she detained him constantly in the rear; leaning upon his arm, and affecting a thousand girlish airs,—impossible to describe, and hardly to be conceived by such as never saw the follies of youth, without its bloom or its excuse; in a word coquetry upon

that kind congenial soil, where it thrives at all ages.

From the Baron, the Marquis received an account of Mr. Forrest materially differing from that given by Madame de Blanville.

"I am very sorry," said Monsieur de Montfier, "that our agreeable friend is just now absent. He is gone on a benevolent excursion, in company with my bailiff, to some of the neighbouring villages; to see what can be done for the improvement of their agriculture—It is a loss to you both, for the highest compliment I can pay him, is, that he has nearly consoled us for the loss of your company."

The Marquis comparing this account with that he had so lately received

from the Presidente could not repress a smile. The Baron looked at him, as if for an explanation.

"Brothers and sisters are not always of the same mind, I perceive," said he, "I will not repeat what I have heard of your English friend from another quarter; but I will appeal to Mademoiselle your daughter to decide; and here she comes very opportunely — Is it a fair question Mademoiselle, to ask your opinion of this English gentleman, of whom I have already heard two characters?"

"Mr. Forrest," returned Clara, "certainly should have but one. Oh! he is the best creature! — has the worthiest heart! — How I regret that he is not here to be known to you! — He is so original too, so entertaining — so interesting!"

"I thought he was a little taciturn," replied the Marquis gravely, — "pray what aged man may he be?"

"He is very sensible and agreeable," said Clara, — "What he says is always to the purpose — but as to his age, I know nothing about it. — How old do you think him Papa?"

"He does not look more than thirty," said the Baron, "though his conversation and attainments, would imply an experience of much longer date."

"I am sorry I am not likely to see him," said the Marquis, with an involuntary sigh; for in spite of himself, the warm approbation of Clara, revived a secret pang.

The Marquis du Plessis remained a week at the Castle; and saw his family set-

tled there before his departure.—— His uncle, though unwilling to part with the little Constance, easily acceded to the representations of his friends, that the child would gain by the removal; and no longer contested the point.

With what mingled emotions did the Marquis first behold his infant daughter in the arms of Clara as she smiled over it, and lavished on it those tender caresses, it had never received from its mother?

As he gazed upon this interesting picture with a father's delight, the tear stole unconscious from his eye, and Clara looking up from her charge, perceived his emotion with the utmost surprize. The expression of it so strongly painted in her countenance roused him to a sense of his situation for which

he feigned, nevertheless a very plausible pretence.

"You will think me very weak, Mademoiselle," he said, "I ought to be consoled at leaving my child in such good hands—yet you see . . . ."

"Oh! pray make yourself easy," exclaimed Clara, caressing the child, "I love children in general, and promise you I will love this particularly. Yes, my sweet babe," continued she, "thy own mother shall not love thee better—and as to my going to Paris with my Aunt, do not let that distress you Marquis, I will recommend her so strongly to Mademoiselle Fréron, who is already very fond of her, that she shall not miss any one."

"You are very good," said the Mar-

quis, bowing, he could say no more, and walked away to indulge and to conceal his emotion.

On the day that he took leave, the parrot had perched on the back of Clara's chair; his old master offering to caress him, the bird bit his finger.

"You bite me you rogue?" said the Marquis, "Is it thus you reward me for having given you such a mistress?"

Clara too chid him, and the bird flying upon her shoulder, began to show all his little tricks, and to exhaust his whole stock of language, Oh! the poor Chevalier! sweet mistress, &c. &c. to make his peace, which was speedily effected. The Marquis had a melancholy satisfaction in seeing how much his present was

cherished, and at the risk of another bite, could not forbear caressing it.

"I am very sorry you are going I can tell you," said Madame dè Blanville, "you are very amiable although a little too grave—however you are going to a good school to be cured of that defect, And when you come to my parties at Paris in the winter; we shall soon rub off the remainder of your rust.——I engage you for my Chevalier, do you hear Marquis? And shall turn off your father in your favor——*Péste!* how insensible you look, why dont you make me one your best bows?"——

The Marquis acknowledged politely the honor designed him; and took occasion to recommend his young wife to the notice and protection of the Presi-

dente; who, with all her youthful airs, and whatever other bounds, she might have past, had never overstept those of decorum; and was therefore considered as a very proper chaperon for a young woman of quality—moreover, Clara was to return with her to Paris; and the Marquis still flattered himself, that Adelaide might be brought to relish her society; and to fashion herself from such a mould.

The arrival of black people in our Village, forms an epocha in its history, by no means, to be past over in silence. From its remotest confines, men, women, and children; old and infirm, thronged to see them. All were astonished, and some alarmed; but as soon as discovered to be harmless, they became highly in favor.—Bonaventure, still gaining upon his master's confidence and esteem attended him to his regiment.—Rosette

was intelligent and inoffensive; and the nurse an indolent simple creature, who took good care of the child, and concerned herself about nothing else.

Therese was much delighted at such an increase of family; she had received la Roche, with some show of favor; but they parted, not quite good friends, for she could not forbear coquetting a little, not only with the Presidente's gay lacquies; but even with Bonaventure. The first might have been forgiven her; but the least symptom of partiality towards a black or tawny complexion; was at that time inexcusable in France —It was looked upon almost as unnatural.

The Marquis took his reluctant leave, and soon after Mr. Forrest returned.— The month of October drew to a close;

the Vintage was over; and the Presidente quite satiated with rural enjoyments, became very pressing for the journey to Paris; preparations were accordingly made, the *Maitre d' hotel,* sent forward, and the family were not long in following him. The Baron and Mr. Forrest were to attend the ladies to Paris, from whence the latter, meant to proceed to his native country; and the former to return home previous to the setting in of the winter.

Clara, who already loved the infant Constance with the tenderness of a sister, wept over her at parting. Often would she sit by her cradle, and watch over her as her mother should have done, and sweetly sing her to repose.

CRADLE SONG.

Sleep on sweet babe, by angels tended,
 The respite take kind nature gives;
As yet, with thorns thy down's not blended,
 No cares molest, no sorrow grieves.

Sleep on, sweet babe, enjoy thy morning
 Sleep on, while no remorse can wake:
Thy dimpled cheek soft smiles adorning,
 Of innocence the slumber take.

Sleep on, sweet babe, of life the sorrows,
 Thy infant breast not yet opprefs;
Sleep, while no pang thy breast up harrows,
 Sleep, while no bitter cares distress.

Sleep on, sweet babe, in slumber sweeter,
 Oft dost thou weep, but never grieve,
Tears, ever ready, never bitter,
 May fail hereafter to relieve.

Sleep on sweet babe, short bliss possessing;
Alas! those moments hasting are;
When vainly thou mayst court the blessing,
When sleep shall flee the bed of care.

"What shall I say to thy Mother, sweetest baby?" said she, as the infant lay smiling in her arms, and she kist and bedewed it with her tears. "May I venture to assure her, that her place has been supplied, that she cannot love thee better? Rosette I charge thee, speak to her frequently of me; let her be familiar with my name, though she forget my features, —I hope to hear her lisp it at my return— I hope too, Rosette, that I shall not be absent very long."

"Poor Rosette hope so too, Mademoiselle," said the Negress, "No see Massa, no see Fader.—Poor, poor Rosette!"

"We shall meet again soon, my good girl, returned Clara, "in the mean time observe the directions of Mademoiselle Fréron; be very assiduous at your duties; and as attentive as possible to the little Constance—and dont forget my poor parrot Rosette; and when I return from Paris, I shall remember you."

The Presidente and her attendants set out on their journey a day before the rest of the party; as she was obliged to be carried in a litter over the bad roads: at Saumur they were all to meet, and there her own Carriage was in waiting, and a hired berlin for her attendants. The boys having attended their father and sister, as far as it was convenient to take them, gave some tears to this their first separation. The remainder of the party met at the place appointed without accident; and the next morning pursued their journey with post horses as had been previously arranged.

CHAPTER XIX.

A DISAGREEABLE SURPRIZE.

As it was contrary to all the habits of the Presidente to rise early, and as she never broke through them upon any consideration, to make out the proposed days journey, the travellers were obliged to be upon the road, rather later than was either prudent or agreeable; they nevertheless reached their first night's stage without accident or alarm. Madame de Blanville, who had met with a dinner not

at all to her taste, made up for it at supper, was very jolly, and could not be prevailed on to retire before midnight.

"Oh! I shall be up just as soon, my little brother," said she, "as if you had sent me to bed with the chicken. But we will have a better dinner to-morrow; Picard shall go forward and order it, and then I shall not care so much about my supper—but to go to bed the moment I have swallowed it, when I am all alive and merry,—*Peste*! I should not sleep a wink all night; and how then should I rise early in the morning?—ha—ha—ha!—*allons*, Monsieur Forrêt let's you and I have another glass of wine. My brother and my neice are asleep."

It has been already said that the Presidente had dispatched her Maitre d' hôtel, to prepare for her reception at Paris.—

Picard one of her lacquies, was likewise sent forward to order the second day's dinner; and was to proceed to provide supper and beds.

When the travellers arrived at the inn where they were to dine, the Presidente discovered that she had left her snuff-box at the last stage; it was of valuable metal, and had moreover the picture of her daughter on the lid; she therefore determined to dispatch the other servant in quest of it. He was accordingly furnished with a fresh horse and ordered to make all possible dispatch. The dinner did great honor to the purveyor's talents; and the Presidente to its cookery; she was very unwilling to quit the table, where she had fared so well; and all the company were rather so, to continue their journey without the man servant; nevertheless, upon the innkeeper's promise to

furnish him a swift horse that should be sure to overtake the carriages before they had proceeded a league, they determined to set off.

The servant however, did not overtake them as they expected, they having too much the start of him, and the travellers arrived towards dusk, not without uneasiness, on the borders of a forest which they were necessitated to pass. It was then the Presidente felt, in its full force, the imprudence of which she had been guilty, in sending away all her male attendants; she was the first to feel the alarm, to which her own indiscretion had given occasion; and now tormented her company as much with her apprehensions, as she had before done with her delays and caprice. Every instant, she was straining herself out of the window, or ordering the car-

riage to stop, that she might listen if any one was approaching.

" Where can the fellow be? — he might have overtaken us ten times over — It is all your fault brother — you know I would have waited for him — *Peste!* what is to become of us? — Oh! did you not hear a noise? — Sure it was a gun — Oh! Monsieur la Forret what is to be done?"—

" If there is really any danger from robbers," said Mr. Forrest, " it is best to to provide against it — The Baron will mount one of the coach boxes and I the other. We will shoulder our arms; and shew that we are prepared. It has ever been a maxim in sound policy, that the best way to insure peace, is to be in readiness for war."

"With all my heart," said the Baron, "*allons, Montons.*" The females were then all placed in the first carriage;—the gentlemen took their stations as proposed, in spite of all the remonstrances and entreaties of the Presidente, who clung by turns to each, to detain them; and the coachmen were ordered to drive as fast as possible through the forest: but the horses began to tire; and the travellers were soon convinced, that their alarm was but too well founded.—Just as they arrived at the thickest part of the wood, in a spot where several roads intersected each other, several horsemen darted from their ambush and stopt the carriages.—The leaf was beginning to fall; and it was still light enough to distinguish objects.—Mr. Forrest, who was on the foremost carriage, recognizing his own horse in that of the villain, who had stopt it; lost all reflection in

the indignation of the moment, and gave the first fire. A furious contest ensued; the banditti were six in number, well armed and mounted; the coachmen had fire arms; but the conflict was too unequal,—In the midst of it, a ball entered the coach were the women were placed,—and Clara exclaiming, "Oh my father!"—fell lifeless in the arms of her attendant!

The robber who had fired this unlucky ball, was at some distance; at the cries of the women, he rode up to the carriage.

"Good Heavens!" he exclaimed, "it is Mademoiselle de Montfier! What a wretch am I!"

Before any help could be given, or explanation made, he had ranged him-

self on the side of the travellers ;—A cry of "down with him, down with the traitor!" ensued, and all the fury of the assailants was directed to the spot where he had placed himself; but he fought with the rage of desperation; and would alone, perhaps, have turned the fortune of the day ; but there was other help at hand. Picard the servant, who had been sent forward, having heard at the Inn, that some daring robberies had been committed near this spot, procured assistance and arrived at this critical moment, the other lacquey likewise overtook them ; and the banditti alarmed, sought their safety in a precipitate retreat.—

The deserter nevertheless kept his post, and the gentlemen quitting their stations, hastily repaired to the coach door, to

know the meaning of the screams, that had not ceased to issue from it.

"Mademoiselle Clara is dead! — The villains have killed my Mistress!" sobbed out Therese.

While the distracted father was endeavouring to wrench open the door, in hope of finding this cruel intelligence false or exaggerated; the groans and lamentations, of the renegade thief astonished them all; and even recalled the wandering senses of Clara; who was indeed wounded, but not to death. Mr. Forrest hardly less alarmed or affected, had nevertheless the presence of mind to procure water for her; she panted with returning life; and the wound which was in her arm was bound up. As they all sat upon the turf together endeavouring to relieve or support the innocent suf-

ferer, who was slowly recovering from her swoon; their attention was again excited by the unfortunate robber, who had dismounted and was rolling upon the ground, and calling upon all present to dispatch him, and end his misery.

"I am the murderer!—The wretched, accursed, infernal murderer!—I have killed whom I would have died a thousand deaths to save!—Oh! wretched Louisot! Vilest!—Guiltiest!—Most miserable of men!—Now art thou lost indeed!"

The Baron de Montfier was too much occupied with his daughter to attend to these exclamations, and to Mr. Forrest they appeared like the ravings of phrensy. Clara was replaced in the carriage, her father supporting her in his arms; but her Aunt, who declared that to look on blood would be her death;

and that she could not endure to be near Clara while she was in such a state of suffering and danger; hiding her eyes with her handkerchief, desired to be placed in the other carriage—in her way to it, she was to pass the robber, and notwithstanding all her horror of blood, of which a great deal was visible about him, she could not refrain from stopping to observe him.

"*Peste!* What a handsome thief!—he is not frightful at all. — Picard, take care of him—Poor youth, he bleeds too! Oh! I shall die—take me away!"

Mr. Forrest having assisted to place Clara, and seeing her in such good hands, now directed his attention to the penitent thief; whose behaviour and complaints were utterly inexplicable to him—He directed him to mount one of the

boxes, told him to be of good comfort, and having seen him secured, had leisure to observe his horse, which was very quietly grazing by the way-side.—With what additional surprize did he recognize the English mare, which he had presented to Clara; and which had been stolen from her at the wolf hunt, in a manner so extraordinary?

The terror and surprize of every one were too great for utterance, and all conversation was totally suspended, till the melancholy procession arrived at the inn.

One servant having rode forward, a surgeon was there in readiness; Clara's wound was dressed, and pronounced to the great relief of all, to threaten no dangerous consequence.

The father having thanked Heaven on his knees, with the most fervent gratitude; now directed his attention to the prisoner, who with his face concealed, and refusing all assistance, sat copiously bleeding on the ground. The Baron ordered him to a private room; he fainted, and was put to bed. The surgeon having examined him, found a wound in his left arm, and another a little below the chest. He dressed both and ordered the patient to be kept quiet.

The Baron in this penitent thief discovered, indeed, the features of the fugitive Louisot; and his grief was as great as his surprize. The reader will doubtless be surprized too, to find him under such a character. We will therefore leave him awhile with the afflicted family at the Inn, and retrace our steps,

in order to follow his; and to account for such strange delinquency:—But so slippery are alas! the paths of vice, that no one can say, to what fatal excesses one false step may lead;—or, being once engaged in the perilous way,——"Thus far will I go, and no further."

CHAPTER XX.

WHICH ACCOUNTS FOR THE PRECEDING.

We quit with regret the arcadian scenes of Montfier, to follow Louisot in his journey to the world, its dangers and its misfortunes. We left him quitting his native, peaceful plains and wandering like one of his own stray sheep, he knew not whither.

By sun-rise he was many leagues from his deserted home: he sat down on the borders of a rivulet, took a crust of

bread from his wallet, and drank in his hand from the limpid stream. Nature being refreshed with this slight repast, reflection and remorse crowded fast upon him; he arose hastily, and seeking to escape them, eagerly pursued his way.

"I will not think," said he, and he attempted to whistle, and advanced with precipitation. At night he sought the shelter of a wood, and allowed himself a few hours repose. Inured to labour, he was insensible of fatigue, or hardship, or rather his heart was too ill at ease, to attend to them. After several days journeying in the same manner, he arrived at a small Town or Bourg, and here, for the first time in his life, he felt the want of money. His little stock of provision being quite exhausted, and the calls of hunger very importunate, he wandered languidly through

a long street, and at length seeing bread in a baker's window, without reflecting upon any thing but his extreme craving for some, he entered the shop.

"I want some bread very much, Madame," said he to the baker's wife, who was knitting behind the counter.

"It is just out of the oven," returned she, "what sized loaf would you have?"

Louisot took the first that came to hand, and the woman named the price.

"I have no money, Madame," said the poor youth, with downcast eyes, and a tone of the deepest dejection.

"Then you can have no bread here," cried she, snatching back the loaf.—"I

don't keep shop to give away bread, I promise you.—Such a stout, hale young fellow as you, go a begging!—I wonder you arn't ashamed of yourself!"

"I did not mean to beg, Madam," said Louisot, looking indeed, very much ashamed.

"Then, what did you mean?—to steal I suppose, if I had not been in the way—a pretty time one has of it truly; to work for a parcel of idle, lounging vagabonds, who will do nothing for themselves," continued she, knitting as fast as she scolded. Meanwhile the poor youth, shocked beyond the power of retorting and losing the sense of hunger in that of indignity slunk out of the shop.

The baker's wife, however gross and

unfeeling, could not help being struck with the novelty of the circumstance, and the modest and ingenuous countenance of her extraordinary customer. She followed him to the door, and finding, as is very usual in France, all her neighbours at their's, she pointed him out to their observation, relating the circumstance with many comments on the singular contrast that appeared between the impudence of the demand, and the timidity of the demander.

" He's a bold beggar, and he's not a bold beggar, neighbour Cazin," said she to the shoemaker at her next door, " No, so long as I've kept shop, and that's five and twenty years, come St. Martin's, I never met with his fellow—look at him!—he's tidy and clean, and not at all like your trampers by trade."

The story ran from mouth to mouth and pursued poor Louisot to the extremity of this little town; while with a downcast eye, and bursting heart, he hurried out of it as fast as possible. He never stopped nor looked back till he had reached a thick grove, about two miles beyond; when dashing into the thickest part of it, like a hunted deer; he threw himself upon the ground, and felt as if he was an outcast from the whole earth.

He now bitterly lamented his rash step, and but for a false shame would have set out that instant on his return. He even attempted it. "I will arise and go to my father," but heartless and fainting for food, he was soon convinced of his utter inability to march further, without relief. To repass the town where he had been treated with such indignity,

seemed impossible to him, he was ignorant of any other road; and too much shocked and dispirited with the rebuff he had met with, to inquire further, or to seek a more hospitable reception elsewhere.

"To be called a beggar and a thief?" repeated he, in mournful soliloquy "alas, poor Louisot! didst thou quit a home where every one loved and cherished thee for this?"

Exhausted at length, with hunger, fatigue, and reflection, he sunk into a deep sleep, and remained in the same situation till evening, when some persons chanced to pass through the thicket; one of them stumbled against his wallet; and poured forth such a volley of oaths and execrations as awakened the youth in great terror, half persuaded that

he was transported among demons. While the passenger was turning the bundle about with his stick, Louisot started up, and the man continued to give him abusive language for leaving "his trumpery baggage in the way of honest people." Louisot was about to make some defence or apology; but the other no sooner observed his countenance, than changing his tone, he said with an air of much surprize:—

" Sure—I should know that face!—art not from Montfier?——"

Louisot having answered in the affirmative, the stranger suffered his companions to proceed, and remained for further satisfaction.

" Art not Louisot?" said he, " and can'st not recollect an old acquaintance?"

The youth now remembered something of his voice, and observing him more attentively, recognised, in spite of the desight of several scars, his former friend, the run-away Henriot.

Of the joy of this unlooked for rencounter, those may form some judgment, who have ever happened to meet a countryman in a distant and foreign land. Henriot and Louisot flew into each other's arms, and could not for some minutes express their delight any other way. A thousand questions followed. Henriot was very glad to hear of his mother and family; his heart was naturally kind and good, but in direct contradiction to a celebrated maxim of Rochefoucault, it was usually the dupe of a very wrong and ill-judging head.

"And how is Florette?" said he, "is she married?"

"She has taken a very serious turn, and refused some good offers, of which you are perhaps the cause," returned Louisot.

"Poor Florette!—Well, but my good friend, how camest thou to be such a truant?—I thought I was the only one of the village — the only ill weed that ever grew in such a righteous soil—I was in the right to pluck myself out, was I not, Louisot? — But I give thee joy however my lad, I always loved thee—I am enchanted to find that thou hast had the spunk to escape from daddy and mammy, and the old parson, and all the fusty grey beards — I'll introduce thee to life, my boy."

"Do pray introduce me to a little breakfast," said Louisot, "I have not

tasted any thing to-day, and am almost famished."

"My good fellow," said Henriot, "why didst not tell me so before?—here is an excellent house hard by — come along with me—*Allons, courage*—When once I have taken charge of thee, thou shalt never lack more."

Thus saying, he took Louisot's arm in his, and led on about a mile farther, to a lone house, of no very promising appearance. He called for what it afforded, a meagre *vin du pays*, eggs and barley bread, and there being no private room, the friends retired to a convenient spot at a little distance, and seated themselves upon the grass to take their meal, which though it was Louisot's breakfast, was Henriot's supper. Louisot ate heartily of the simple fare, and after a few

cups of wine found his spirits revive with his strength; whilst his heart expanding, to the sweet call of kindness and friendship, which so very lately, he had almost despaired of ever hearing again, became unreserved and communicative.

Henriot, who had repeatedly observed that his friend changed colour, and appeared disconcerted, when questioned about the family at the castle; surmised that it might have something to do with his elopement; furnished with this clue, he repeated his questions, and drawing inferences, both from what Louisot said, and what he would not say, he was not long in discovering the truth, for although the youth was far too ashamed of the presumption of his love to acknowledge it, even when detected; yet was Henriot no less convinced of the

fact, and to him it was a most important discovery. Young as he was, he had acquired in a bad school but too much experience; nor was he to learn, that when once you hold a man by his predominant passion, you have the master key to his heart, and may open or shut, tune or untune it at controul. By degrees he brought Louisot to speak freely even on this delicate point; and the ice once broken on so favorite a theme; his reserves and difficulties were at an end, and he fell an unresisting victim into the snares prepared for him.

Thus dangerous, and of unsafe guidance are our passions, even when they appear to lead to no other end than virtue!

"We will now, if thou art sufficiently refreshed, walk a little further," said Hen-

riot, "I know where to bestow thee comfortably for the night; and till a scheme which I have in contemplation for thy advantage, may be brought to bear."

Louisot was very anxious to know what this scheme might be; but could obtain no other explanation from his friend, than that it should ultimately lead to love and Clara. The artless youth, who till this moment had never dared to cherish the least glimmering of hope, gave himself up to the intoxicating idea, embraced his friend Henriot, and submitted implicitly to his direction.

Henriot led till they came to a miserable hovel on the outskirts of a forest, where they were received by a hard-featured old woman, who was employed in making cakes of the flour of buck

wheat, by the French called *Gallettes,* and which in many parts of France and in Lower Brittany particularly, supply the place of bread.

" What have we here, my son?" said she, surveying Louisot very attentively, and chucking him under the chin, " what pretty new face is this?"

" It is a friend of mine, my good mother," returned Henriot, " whom you are to lodge and take care of till my return, which will not be long."

" Ay, Ay," said the old woman, " I'll take care of him I warrant ye. — Some of your gentlemen called here anon, they staid waiting for you some time— they were a little uneasy, I'm glad to see you returned safe."

"Were they so?" said Henriot, "well, in that case I must hasten to them to quiet their tender fears — in the mean time I recommend you my friend—Louisot, my boy, make thyself easy; thou wilt be here in clover, our good mother is the best creature in the world."

Notwithstanding these consolatry assurances, Louisot's heart misgave him, when left to the company of his hostess; whose countenance inspired a prejudice, her conversation was not at all calculated to remove. He very soon complained of fatigue, and requested to be shewn to his bed, which he was distressed to find was in the same room, the hovel affording only one. Some straw in a corner composed the bedding; and here he threw himself and attempted to sleep, this however was impossible to him while the old woman was stirring

about, which she continued to do for several hours; mumbling to herself, and so frequently going to the door, that poor Louisot, very ill at ease, could not help thinking he was left alone with a witch, who was making her incantations and expecting her infernal paramours. Every hour seemed three; the old woman, however, at length betook herself to her repose without appearing to receive any more company, and Louisot closing his weary eyes, enjoyed once more the tranquil slumbers of innocence.

Early in the morning he awoke, and while his hostess was snoring aloud, stole softly from his straw to the door, to inhale the pure breath of morning. The rusty hinges creaked as he opened it, in spite of all possible precaution; the beldame awoke in a rage, and began furiously to abuse him for break-

ing her rest, accusing him at the same time of a design to run away without paying for his night's lodging. Poor Louisot, thus again taxed with dishonest intentions, in much trepidation, assured her of their purity; and requesting her to observe, that he had left his little baggage as a pledge of his return, he obtained leave to take a walk in the forest.

The sun was just now rising, a thousand choristers saluting his early rays. The limes in bloom were mingling their odors with the woodbines, and wild roses, and the long grass glittered with dew; Louisot's spirits revived, his youthful heart bounded, he seemed once more to breathe his native air, he forgot his forlorn situation and uncertain destiny; and made the solitary recesses ring with his artless melody.

THE PEASANT'S

MORNING HYMN.

The sun in pomp sublime ascending,
His glorious orb displays!
The birds their tuneful throats are rending,
And we arise to praise!

From peaceful slumbers never broken,
The peasant lightly springs;
With cheerful heart, a thankful token,
His early mattins sings.

With grateful song and early prayer,
We consecrate the day;
While in the smoking city, they are
Dozing their time away.

They taste not the sweet breath of morning,
Awakening health and mirth;
Nor see the glitt'ring dews adorning,
The renovated earth.

How sad, how gloomy their awaking,
By revelry opprest?
Nature's mild laws they still are breaking,
And she denies them rest.

All hands to work, my lusty neighbours!
The lark sings, hark, away!
To plough, to sow, to cheerful labors,
So willing, they're to play.

Louisot strolled about the forest till the calls of hunger drove him back to the hovel and the hag. Here he waited impatiently the promised return of Henriot, counting the slow hours by the sun, which never appeared to him to move so heavily. Left to himself, or what was still worse, the old woman, without employment or amusement the whole day; afraid to leave the spot least he should miss of his friend, he had not even the relief of a walk, after his

morning's ramble; and was a prey to the most cruel anxiety, and the most tormenting impatience: never joy was more lively or more sincere than he experienced, when immediately after his scanty supper of meagre soup and *gallettes*, he heard his friend's voice, and saw him approaching: a stranger accompanied him, which rather checked the effusion of Louisot's delight.

"This is our noble captain, my buck," said Henriot, "who is come himself to see and to retain thee, so well is he pleased with my recommendation. Thou must take an oath of fidelity, obedience and secrecy; that is all required of thee for the present. We are going to make thee a monk Louisot, but be not alarmed; though our order has some relation to that of La Trappe, it is far from

being austere, as thou shalt presently be convinced."

Louisot who had never taken an oath in his life, expressed some difficulties, and felt many more. All were however vanquished by the casuistry, or rather the positiveness of Henriot; and the oath was administered with some solemnity. A flask of wine was then produced, as Henriot said, to wash it down. The old woman partook of it, and being paid for the entertainment she had afforded her guest, the travellers wished her a good night, and Henriot taking Louisot's arm, they set off on their journey.

CHAPTER XXI.

A NEW SCENE.

The travellers pursued their way through by paths very difficult and obscure in profound silence, for about three hours; they then quitted the track altogether and forced a passage, with much fatigue and difficulty through the thickest part of the underwood.

"Courage! my friend," at length said Henriot, "I hear our watchful guard, we are almost at our Convent gates."

A fierce mastiff now ran forward to meet them, which growled furiously at Louisot, but was speedily silenced by the Captain; who then blew a horn of a peculiar sound, which was answered from some distance: a light was soon after perceived through the trees; and to this they directed their steps, till they arrived at an aperture in the rock, completely concealed by the overhanging wood, the bushes and brambles; here a man was waiting with a lanthorn, who held it up to the faces of each as they passed. "All is right," said the Captain, entering the last; the dog was called, and a massy door closed up the way. They now proceeded in silence along a low winding passage cut through the mountain, till they reached another barricade; a watch-word, which Louisot did not comprehend, was given and returned; this second door was unbarred,

and they found themselves in the open air. Several tents were now discernible through the obscurity of the night; they were objects of wonder to Louisot, who had never seen or heard of any such thing; and he whispered his friend, "that in this village the houses seemed to be made of cloth."

"Yes," said Henriot, smiling at his simplicity, "and the men are of flint and steel."

They then entered the largest of the tents, where a number of fierce looking men, appearing indeed of very stubborn composition, were assembled. At the entrance of the Captain they all arose, saluting him in the military stile. Louisot was then introdued as a novice, and a friend of Henriot; and being offered

liquor and a place among them; was admitted as one of the fraternity.

Our young adventurer, although much surprised, was yet far less so, than a more experienced person, in the same situation, would probably have been; every thing he met with, was new to him, and he was yet to learn, that this recess and its inhabitants, were more extraordinaay than the rest.

When a little recovered from the flutter of his first introduction, and somewhat refreshed by a cup or two of wine, he ventured to look about him; he observed among the company, several women: he had hardly time to be struck with the features of one of them, when suddenly rising from the ground, where she was sitting, she threw herself round his neck exclaiming:

"Oh! my dear Louisot! is it indeed you?—how are all in our village?"—and he recognised, now astonished indeed, the lost Jeanette!

In the confusion of Louisot's ideas, the only one that fastened upon his mind, was, that Jeanette had really been taken from the village by witch-craft, as the good people had supposed; and that he was now in an assembly of sorcerers, who celebrated their orgies, in conjunction with the old hag, who had lodged him the preceding night. From this alarming conjecture, he was however soon relieved by his lively friend.

"Ah! my buck," said he, "here we are all together the stray sheep from our old shepherd and innocent flock—I meant thee an agreeable surprize, so

would not tell thee of the old acquaintance thou wast to meet."

Observing soon after that the novice seemed fatigued, Henriot conducted him to his lodging in another tent, where there was dried leaves and moss spread for beds.

" Ask no questions to night, my friend," said he, on quitting him, " go to sleep as fast as you can, and just to give you pleasant dreams, I will inform you that Clara may chance to travel the same road as Jeanette; and as among our brotherhood, all is freedom and equality; she may become the wife of Louisot without reproach or degradation."

" If there is no sorcery?"—said the youth in a timid accent.

His friend bursting into a loud laugh, assured him there should be none but love, "which, after all," continued he, "is usually sorcery enough."

This intoxicating idea drove every other from the mind of Louisot, and reconciled him at once, to his new habitation and inexplicable fate. He gave himself up to it, and at length to sleep.

When Louisot arose in the morning and ventured from his tent, he saw none of his over-night companions, except Henriot; who informed him that the rest were gone a hunting; and that he had declined being of the party in order to enjoy uninterruptedly the conversation of his friend, and to endeavour at amusing him. Louisot was very glad to feel unrestrained; and began to

explore the natural fortress in which he found himself immured.

The valley, which might be about half a mile in circumference, was entirely surrounded by lofty mountains, whose summits covered with wood bowed over it, and rendered it inaccessible even to the wild goats; and concealed from every thing, but the inhabitants of the air. A clear stream trickled down from one of the heights, meandered along the glen, and formed a bason towards the centre. There was no possible access to it, but from apertures practised through the mountain, of which Louisot remarked several, all well secured. Besides the tents where the fraternity chiefly resided, there were caverns dug in the sides of the mountain, where they sheltered themselves in winter and

bad weather, and where some of them preferred to live. The valley afforded plenty of grass, a few horses were grazing there; and some goats straggling, clambering and brouzing among the declivities.

In the bason already mentioned, Jeannette and several women were employed in washing the linen; as the young men passed them, some coarse jests were exchanged with Henriot; and Jeanette with a silly laugh said, " La! Louisot, only think of you and I meeting here?" The youth much wished to have had some conversation with her; but the looks and discourse of her companions disgusted him, and he hurried by.

In the afternoon the Captain and several of the party returned, leading their nags through the opposite side to

that by which Louisot had entered; and Henriot informed him, that it was the horse road. Mean time the women had prepared the dinner: the two friends had however already taken their's, and Henriot, who thought his novice not yet sufficiently prepared to know what sort of game they pursued, furnished him with a fowling piece, and proposed a stroll into the forest.

"Our friends," said he, "have not had good sport, let us try if we cannot knock them down something for supper."

In this manner was the youth for some time amused; and kept in the dark as to the nature of the calling, into which he was decoyed. Far less address than Henriot's, would have been a match for such easy credulity and total inexperience; they chaced and sported toge-

ther, and Louisot was long persuaded, that he belonged merely to a gang of poachers, who made free with the game to which all mankind have a natural right.

The chief of the band was of a good family, whose name he concealed under that of La Vengeance; he had fought the battles of his country with distinction, though not with success, for being of a reserved, unobtrusive temper, too proud to cringe for the favour he was conscious of deserving; and too honest to seek it by undue means, without interest with the great, and without friends to stir in his behalf; he had repeatedly seen the well earned laurels torn from his brow, and his juniors prefered before him. Deprived of his patrimony by a most unjust sentence of the law, and of all his prospects of domestic happiness, by

the treachery and infidelity of the woman on whom he depended for their completion; in short, having a strong mind, a keen sense of injury, and no just principles of religion; every way ill treated by the world, he withdrew, and commenced open war upon it. Some malcontents of his own corps, much attached to him, and dissatisfied with the other officers, deserted, and repaired to his standard; others joined them, and this secluded valley, which they discovered by chance, affording security against all pursuit, they soon became a most formidable banditti.

La Vengeance himself had many good qualities, which would have procured him a command of more honor, had those who formerly commanded him, known how to distinguish. He was a warm and steady friend, a generous and

open foe. Bold in enterprize; but never wantonly cruel. Steady and strictly just to those under his command. Constitutionally sober and chaste, yet never repressing the license he did not at all partake. His own conduct inspired respect, and his indulgence to others love; thus never was sovereign in the most despotic government, more cheerfully or more punctually obeyed.

From the first, he had been struck with the appearance of Louisot; so long unaccustomed to the charms of candor and innocence, his heart naturally of the same mould, felt an irresistible attraction: fearful of losing his new acquisition he was even more cautious of giving disgust than Henriot. He sought the young man's company, and treated him with the utmost favor and distinction, himself instructing him in the

exercise of fire arms and horsemanship, in both of which his young pupil very soon excelled.

In this manner did some time elapse, ere Louisot was instructed in the mysteries of the profession. Meanwhile Henriot artfully sapt his principles; exaggerated to him the knavery and duplicity of the world: persuaded him, that out of his native village all were privileged thieves; that the state of nature was a perpetual warfare, where every thing preyed upon the other. The females on their part, practised upon the passions so natural to his age; he was thus by degrees led to acquiesce in the sophistry of Henriot, and when at length he was made acquainted with the exact calling of the worthy brotherhood, hardly to think them greater knaves than those they plundered.

Henriot himself avoided as much as possible being of the marauding parties, and his talents rendering him more useful as a spy, he was frequently excused. It was his post to visit the Inns in the disguise of a traveller; to procure intelligence of such as were upon the road, and worth attending to; to apprize the gang when to be upon their guard.

He once or twice took Louisot with him upon these reconnoitring excursions, meaning to initiate him in the trade and thus acquire to the fraternity a most valuable auxiliary, for such was the candor of his countenance, he never could have been suspected of deceit, nor could any art of Henriot's inspire him with it; his innocent *naiveté* would often counteract the best concerted sto-

ries of his instructor, who finding him incorrigibly sincere, gave him up. Henriot had himself an appearance of rough honesty which often passed for reality, and which once had been so, but which now served the better to cloak his designs, for he could unite with a finesse that mocked all suspicion, the tale of falsehood with the bluntness of truth.

Thus by degrees did Louisot become familiarized to the idea of being a robber, or rather he never allowed himself to have such an idea. The name however deserved, was never used in the fraternity, unless to be applied to honest people. If scruples arose, his adroit confidant reminded him of Clara; and as he was always disposed to listen on so favourite a theme; and to dwell with

delight on the minutest circumstance that had relation to it, Henriot never failed to enlarge upon them; to point out every little incident that could be forced into an appearance of partiality on her part; such as her dancing with him, her concern when he was bitten by the dog; her kindness to his father, &c. all of which the youth had circumstantially related to his counsellor.

" She cannot consent to be thine," Henriot would say, " all the customs and prejudices of the world are against it; but believe me, she will not be sorry to be constrained: prepare a dwelling for her, and trust me, it shall not be long ere she inhabit it."

Enchanted with this hint, Louisot obtained leave of the Captain to appropriate one of the caverns, and amase

himself in giving it all the ornament of which it was susceptible. He lined it with moss from the forest, he made a bower at the entrance, where all the choicest shrubs he could collect were taught to intertwine: he planted it round with flowers.

"Clara is accustomed to retirement," he would say to himself, "here we shall live for ourselves and for each other—Henriot thinks she loves me—Oh! ex-static thought!—and Henriot is the best and tenderest of friends; and being a third person quite unconcerned, is a far better judge than I can be."

Louisot, like other weak mortals, loved his friend the better for flattering his foible; he overlooked all the obstacles in the way of his desires; and felt such

an enthusiasm of gratitude, for the happiness he was persuaded to hope, as nothing but his romantic passion could exceed.—Yet had he before his eyes a scene but too resembling, the picture sketched by Prior.

"Nor innocence nor gentle peace of mind,
"Mistaken maid, shalt thou in forests find;
"'Tis long since Cynthia and her train were
there,
"Or guardian Gods made innocence their care.
"Vagrants and outlaws shall offend thy view,
"For such must be my friends—a hideous crew,
"By adverse fortune mix'd in social ill,
"Train'd to assault and disciplin'd to kill:
"Their common loves, a lewd, abandon'd
pack,
"The beadle's lash still flagrant on their back;
"By sloth corrupted, by disorder fed,
"Made bold by want, and prostitute for bread.

" With such must Emma hunt the live long
day,
" Assist their violence and divide their prey;
" With such must she return at setting light,
" Tho' not partaker, witness of their night.
" Her ear inur'd to charitable sounds,
" And pitying love, must feel the hateful
wounds,
" Of jest obscene and vulgar ribaldry,
" The ill-bred question and the lewd reply;
" Brought by long habitude from bad to worse,
" Must hear the frequent oath, the direful curse,
" That latest weapon of the wretch's war,
" And blasphemy sad comrade of despair.

CHAPTER XXII.

LOUISOT PLUNGES DEEPER IN THE MIRE.

Louisot had spent several months in this hopeful society without having been actively engaged in its pursuits. Meanwhile the second in command, a German, named Echman, had made with the band, several successful excursions: some recent disappointments had, nevertheless produced ill-humor; and jealousies and murmurings relative to the captain's partiality to Louisot, began to manifest themselves. He

perceived the gathering storm, and in order to avert it, determined to take the youth on an expedition, to try his mettle, and give him occasion to prove, that the distinction shewn him, was but his due. He gave no notice of his intention, till on the point of setting out, and then peremptorily ordered the novice, to prepare arms and ammunition, and attend him without delay. Louisot obeyed with a precipitation that had the appearance of alacrity; but which was in fact, a desperate attempt to stun his own feelings, and stifle the intruding voice of conscience. The captain completely deceived as to the cause of his diligence, highly commended it; and looked round with contemptuous exultation, on those who had appeared to call in question, his discernment.

The scouts had given notice of several travellers supposed to be well provided for their journies: the band was ordered to take different roads to way lay them; while the captain with Louisot in a central position was to have them all within the summons of his well known horn.

He led through bye paths only known to the band, the youth following in silence, to a distant part of the forest;

"We have learned of the fox," said he, "never to hunt near home—but I hear the sound of wheels.—Now my lad, for a glorious onset, to establish thy fame, and silence envy and discontent for ever!"

A berlin and four horses appeared in view.—

"Ride on, and stop that carriage,—fear nothing, I am at hand to support thee," said the Captain.

Instead of obeying, Louisot checked his horse and stopt short; in vain did La Vengeance furiously repeat his order, the youth appeared petrified, and did not advance a step—The enraged Commander fired at him;—sounded his horn and rode forward to the carriage himself. —The shot touched not Louisot, but it alarmed the travellers and put them upon their guard. He succeeded, nevertheless, in stopping the horses; but was saluted with a pistol as he advanced to the coach door, from a gentleman who sat facing them; having several in his belt, he speedily returned the fire, but he had more foes to deal with; the servant behind the carriage had a blunderbuss, and wounded him. Louisot, who, till this instant had remained immove-

able, forgetting the injustice of the cause, in the peril of his friend, rushed desperately forward to his assistance: totally regardless of danger on his own account, he was every where, where it menaced his Captain; and although there was a third person armed in the carriage, he speedily turned the fortune of the day—A lady threw a purse from it, exclaiming, "for mercy's sake let us proceed!"

The Captain made a sign that he was satisfied, and the coachman drove on.

La Vengeance, looking very sternly at the astonished Louisot, ordered him to alight and take up the purse. The youth hesitated a little, but obeyed. The purse was weighty; he presented it to the captain, who declined taking it.

"Keep it," said he, "for thy encouragement, it is thine,—if I denounced thee

to the band, this night would be thy last, but I have pity on thy youth."

Louisot bowing respectfully, still continued to offer the purse.

"Do I not bid thee keep it?" said La Vengeance.

"I cannot, my noble Captain," returned Louisot, submissively, "I cannot take pay for having I hope, though late, been instrumental in saving your life.—You bleed, suffer me to assist you!"

"This is no time for parlying," returned the other, "we are not in safety here,—we must hasten to our retreat—my wound is nothing—we will see to it by and bye."

So saying, he took the purse, turned his horse, and rode on for some time,

followed by Louisot, both observing the most profound silence.

When at a safe distance from the spot, where they had stopt the travellers, observing some water, La Vengeance alighted: Louisot was eager to assist in washing and binding up his wound, and much comforted to find, that it was not likely to be of any consequence.

When they remounted, the Captain, starting as from a dream, thus began the conversation:

"I think," said he, "that I have discovered the cause of thy disobedience, which I at first, imputed to rank cowardice,—but I wronged thee, youth;—thou hast saved my life, and fought like a brave soldier; though in a cause thou dost not approve, — yet, tell me, dost

thou think it less a crime; if a crime it be at all, to be a passive than an active member of our fraternity?—To reap the profit without sharing the danger is less noble; but not more honest, believe me youth.—

"What thinkest thou?"——

"Alas! my Captain," replied Louisot, "since I have enlisted under your banners, I have hardly allowed myself to think at all.—If I must act—I will—but I cannot think."—

La Vengeance expressing much regard for Louisot, thus proceeded.

"Had all men been like thee; or even a very few of them; I had never leagued with the beasts of the forest against the whole race.—That they do

not set the law at defiance as I do; is only because they dare not.—They lye, they cheat, they over-reach, they plunder,—not in open, direct honorable war upon their enemies — but in secret; in ambuscade — upon their best friends — their nearest kindred—their closest connections ——There is no such thing as probity, believe me, youth, in the commerce of the world — If you engage in it, you must be a knave in your own defence. —I was honest, scrupulously, rigidly so, till I was the dupe of every designing, mercenary villain, and till obliged to take up arms in my own defence."

"Yet could I never bring myself to cheat under a mask of probity.—I had the choice but of two roads—to starve and be the legal prey of civilized monsters; or to take refuge with the nobler beast of the forest, and live by the chase

like him.——If self preservation be the first law of nature, self defence as an essential part of it, is undoubtedly the second.—I began not the war which a dastardly foe waged on me.——Had I time and patience, I would tell thee my provocation--but I am not a man of words. Thou mayest retain thy earnings in all security of conscience, youth,—they are only taken from those who have taken fom others, — we never plunder the poor."——

On their arrival at the valley, they met their comrades, and found that themselves alone had been successful; the booty was produced, and all the merit given to the young adventurer. The Captain made light of his wound and generously supprest the onset of the affair: but the praises lavished upon Louisot were daggers to his heart; he passed a miserable

night, tormented with bitter reflections and the most excruciating remorse. His friend was absent upon a reconnoitring party; and in vain did he seek to recal his sophistry, or the arguments of his Captain, to still the importunate voice of conscience, which incessantly upbraided him with being a robber; and if not a murderer, equally as guilty, and indebted only to chance, or rather providence, for the slight distinction between actual and intentional crime. — His innate probity; — the late purity of his manners — the lessons of the worthy Curé—the simplicity of his native plains —his former tranquillity and happiness— the idea of Clara — all conspired to increase his misery.

" Alas!" thought he, " if she despise Louisot the peasant, will Louisot the robber raise him in her opinion? — Oh!

Henriot, cruel friend! I was once happy in her esteem, thy fatal counsel has lost me my own!—I can never see her more—never could I support the indignation of her eye!"

Henriot returned the next day; he brought word that the travellers stopped by the Captain and Louisot, had arrived at the very inn where he was baiting; that one of them was wounded—that a lady had been put to bed dangerously ill, from the terror she had experienced; and that the persons of the robbers were exactly described, and the most diligent search making after them.

A council was immediately held; and it was determined, that no expedition should be undertaken, nor any one leave the valley without the greatest precaution, till the pursuit should have had

time to cool. Henriot now flew to his friend with congratulations on the reputation he had acquired; but found to his great disappointment, that he was rather an object of condolence. He had concealed himself in the darkest cavern of the recess, unable to support the face of day.

Henriot was at no loss to discover the cause of his dejection; he had recourse to his old arguments without effect; he then spoke of Clara; but Louisot shuddered at the name, and hiding his face, besought him not to trifle with his anguish.

"Oh! very well then," said Henriot, "If you give up your mistress I shall have her myself. I owe the old Don a grudge, and shall thus indulge two passions at once;"

"Our third in command, Gomez, a fine fellow and an amorous Spaniard, has likewise an inclination for your Dulcinea, and will assist me."

"What can Gomez know of Mademoiselle Clara?" said Louisot alarmed.

"He knows she is young and handsome, and to his taste," replied Henriot, "and that is enough."

"Since I left the village, and before thou didst, he had the ill luck to be separated from our company in an affair, where we had rather the worst of it. He was pursued, and with some difficulty made good his retreat. For several days we had no tidings of him, and little expected to see him again; for not venturing immediately to retrace his steps, he had wandered to our

forest, and there he caught a view of Mademoiselle Clara from the Chapel window in the wood. It seems that she saw him too; but whether or not his pretty grim features made any impression on her heart, time must discover."

Louisot recollected the circumstance of Clara's alarm as related at the beginning of this history, which was thus explained; he repeated it to Henriot, whom it much diverted; it was far otherwise with himself; he shuddered with horror, at the idea of such a rival.

"Well, then," said Henriot, "now that we are confined to work like horses in a mill, or like moles under ground, is the time to mine the old Castle. We are not very far from it, my buck, by the road that Jeannette and I, can show thee."

"You have often promised me," replied Louisot, "an account of your meeting here—I never was more in want of amusement—Prithee relate it now."

"Be a man in every thing else, and I will allow thee a woman's curiosity; but for shame, no more snivelling."

Henriot then seated himself by the side of his friend, and began as follows.

CHAPTER XXIII.

EXPLANATIONS.

"Thou knowest, that I was always a lad of spirit and enterprize: thou knowest too, that my departure from the village was sudden; but what thou dost not know,—it was not at all premeditated.——I had one evening concealed myself in the gardens of the Castle, merely to help off with a little of the fine fruit, when the Baron came upon me somewhat unawares; not being very ambitious of meeting him

I crept along behind the espaliers, and took refuge in the old ruinous wing; here my evil conscience, I suppose, conjured up bug-bears, (for I then thought it a great sin to steal fruit;) I fancied myself pursued, and hurried on rather inadvertently into the vaults, where I stayed some time, waiting an opportunity to make my escape.—Thou mayest call to mind, it was about the beginning of autumn, when night steals upon us imperceptibly.—I was soon invelopt in total darkness.—I attempted to return, and missed my way.—groping along for some time, and finding no issue, I was too soon convinced of it. I now turned back with precipitation, no longer caring who I met, so as I escaped the horrid fate of being intombed alive.—I will own to thee Louisot, my courage forsook me—my limbs trembled—a cold dew ran down my face; and I repented of all my sins,

particularly of this last. Nevertheless I continued to push on—a faint glimmering of light, which I hailed as the polar star of my deliverance, only served to mislead me the more. When at length I arrived at it, I discovered, it was from the moon, whose faint beam had penetrated—I know not how, some chasm of this abode of darkness.——

"Here I stumbled against a door, or something like one, and fell down several steps with a violence that stunned me; and I lay, I cannot say how long, happily insensible of the horrors of my situation—When recovered at length to a consciousness of it—Oh! Louisot, what a moment?—I cannot now think of it without dismay.—I rushed on in desperation—Sometimes in danger of suffocation — sometimes stumbling against stones or fragments of the wall—sometimes

catching deceitful glimmerings of light through chasms, that nothing else could penetrate. At length, spent with fatigue and terror, I threw myself upon the ground—Wouldst thou believe it Louisot—I even slept? It must have been some time, for I awoke refreshed.—I heard a murmuring sound like running water; and was afraid to proceed, lest I should stumble into it.—Listening with extreme attention, methought, I heard voices, and even footsteps, as along a hollow way.— Oh Louisot! my joy was even to agony!—the blood rushed back upon my heart, my head grew dizzy, I know not how I survived it.—Recovering at length, I crept along upon my hands and feet; following the sounds, which now seemed more distant—I did not however despair, but pursued my way, till I found my further progress impeded, by something like a door—My heart sunk; for I knocked and called long to no purpose.

I quite lost the sounds which had served me for a guide; and began to tear my hair in despair, raving and stamping like a Demoniack,—When lo! the barrier was suddenly opened, and I was surrounded by armed men—these proved to be our worthy brotherhood, who were at first not less surprized than myself, being ignorant of the way by which I came upon them.—I related my adventure with the simplicity of truth; it was nevertheless thought expedient to confine me till the return of the captain, who was just then absent.—In the mean time the pass was well secured; and the discovery regarded as an event, which might turn to account on some future opportunity.—Our captain on his return liked my appearance, and accepted my services, and ever since I have been an active though unworthy member of this honorable society."

Louisot listened to this narration with great attention, but calling to mind that on their first meeting, his friend had given him a very different account of the manner of his leaving the village, he could not forbear adverting to it; "This is not at all the story that you told me at our first interview," said he, "which am I to believe?"—"E'en which thou wilt—But you may have proofs of this last whenever you please, ask Jeanette."

"Proofs!" replied Louisot, excessively shocked to detect his friend in a deliberate breach of truth, "We cannot always have proofs!"

"Why, how now, my buck!" exclaimed Henriot, observing his astonishment, "art surprized that I put the traveller upon thee?—I am a lad of quick

parts and invention: none but children and fools speak the truth.—I tell a lie with the best grace of any one of the fraternity; and am upon that very account, the usefullest member in it. My talents ensure me my choice of employment; I take my pleasure, and always sleep in a whole skin.—True, I acquired a few honorable scars at my first setting off; but these suffice me, I have steered clear of them ever since. Follow my advice and example my boy, and thou mayst avoid in future, the adventures that shock thy tender soul so grievously. But for this thou must learn to lie with a grace—master thy countenance, be careful that thine eye does not contradict thy tongue, let them vouch for each other, that is all that is essential.—Poor Louisot!" continued Henriot, slapping him on the back. "What

a novice art thou? and how are all my pains thrown away upon thee."

Louisot heard this discourse with that cutting anguish, of which none can judge, but hearts equally sincere and ingenuous; and which have felt the pang of discovering baseness and unworthiness, in the idol of their imagination, and the object of their dearest affections.

"Henriot! — he whom I thought so frank and undisguised, boasting himself a liar!—whom then shall I believe?"

As he continued for some time silent,

"What art dreaming of?" said at last his friend.

"No matter," returned Louisot, "I should however be glad to know how

Jeanette came to be of your party—but you have, perhaps, several versions of that history likewise?"

"No reflections," returned Henriot, with an air of some displeasure" — if I choose to call myself a liar, 'tis very well; but no other man shall call me so; nor would I have put up with such an observation from any one but thee."

Louisot unacquainted as he was with the honor of men of the world, of which this is so exact a sample, could hardly forbear smiling.

"I tell the truth when it suits me," added his friend.

"Well if it suits thee now," rejoined Louisot, "prithee explain to me

the rape of Jeanette." — Henriot thus continued :—

"A warm pursuit after some of our gentlemen, had confined us as at present, like rabbits to our burrows, when Gomez at length returned in safety from the forest of Montfier, where, as I told thee, he had seen thy Clara.—He rather wished to see her again, which I suppose will not surprise thee. Eshman, a Bohemian miner, and a man of metal; and who no more than I, could bear to sit with his arms across in inglorious ease, was likewise of our counsel. We laid our heads together with four others of the brotherhood, and settled our plan of operations. — We provided ourselves with pickaxes, lanthorns, arms, and all things necessary for a subterraneous excursion, and determined to find out

the way I came.—Gomez imagined he could bring off Clara; and I own, that I myself was of opinion, that with proper precautions the thing was feasible.—To pack off the Castle plate, in the dead of night when all the family were at rest, appeared to me very easy; but as thy little jewel might have taken it into her head to make a noise; greater precaution would of course have been necessary with respect to her.—Of this difficult point, however, I undertook the management, and had settled the plan. We did not consult our captain, meaning to ask his approbation, when he could not withhold it.—When the measure had been crowned with the success of which we thought ourselves secure.—When every thing was ready we set out on the enterprize, which however failed three several times; nor did we succeed in finding the entrance to the Castle

vaults, the door way through which I had fallen, till the fourth attempt: such was the intricacy of these gloomy labyrinths. Less determined spirits would have given up in despair; but difficulties only served to increase our ardor—we persevered, and vanquished them all. We nevertheless arrived at our journey's end a little *mal-a-propos.* — We have no almanacks in our library, and had not invoked a single saint in the calendar, and it so happened, that one of them stood in the way and marred as good a scheme of attack, I will say, as ever General planned.—In short, it was some great festival in the village; I stole from my covert to reconnoitre, and found the old castle thronged with guests, and ringing with merriment.—I ventured a little too far, and whom should I meet, but my old acquaintance, the fair Jeanette, running towards the old hall!—she saw

me—she knew me—there was no time to lose. "Hush!" said I, "adorable Jeanette," for her mouth was open to scream; but luckily for me the excess of her astonishment kept it so, and no sound was produced, "hush!" said I, "and make no noise—you must come with me:"—The girl would have escaped; but as the only means of insuring her silence was to carry her off, I swore I was dying for her; that I came on purpose to fetch her from a neighbouring village, where I was settled, and wanted nothing but her.—In making these tender declarations, I had taken her hand and was drawing her gently along.—Jeanette was not hard of heart, or of belief; she answered with a silly laugh and faint objections; and suffered me to conduct her out of hearing.—To induce her to enter the vault, some force was necessary; but I had help at hand,

and her cries were presently drowned or rather buried in these dreary caverns.

Gomez, who in the obscurity that reigned, could not perceive the lustre of her charms, readily concluded that the prize was the lady of the Castle; and without further investigation, insisted upon taking charge of her himself: he was accordingly allowed to conduct her, while I and my companions, waited an opportunity to ransack the lower apartments—but we waited in vain, for the alarm was very soon raised—once more I ventured from my lurking place: but I heard the steps and voices of people advancing fast upon me, and was obliged to retreat with precipitation, and not without some apprehension of having been observed, from a sudden cry of alarm, that reached me as I passed an open door-way. In

haste I joined my companions, with the unwelcome tidings, that we had nothing for our pains; but to provide for our own safety by flight. Some were for extinguishing our lanthorns, least they should betray us; this desperate measure was however over-ruled: we hurried on in silence, till we reached the barrier where I had once fallen; having secured it behind us, we proceeded tranquilly the remainder of our way, without fear of molestation.

Poor Jeanette cried and lamented all the way, but Gomez regardless of her distress, exulted in his success and hurried her along. — When arrived at the end of our perilous undertaking, the laugh to be sure, was rather against Gomez, whose surprize and disappointment when the light first shone upon the fair features of his captive, were

truly comic. In vain did the rest of our gentlemen seek in the beauty of our prize, an excuse for the pains we had taken to procure it. We were all so unmercifully rallied that no one has since attempted a similar adventure—these hardy souls who feared nothing else, were afraid of a jest.

"As for Jeanette, she was at first both alarmed and disgusted; the day after her arrival was spent in tears; but her virtue is not of that inflexible and unamiable kind, that is proof against all temptation; and a very little time sufficed to reconcile her to her companions and her fate: of a disposition too yielding to bear up against the tide either of good or evil, she would always be carried with it; yet it is naturally rather a good creature, and more inclined towards virtue than vice; but

circumstances must favor too; for if she met with but a mole hill in her way, she would never attempt to surmount it — but this is what is called good-nature, Louisot."

"I do not call it so," replied Louisot with a deep sigh, to the memory of his own weakness; "but why would you never tell me the particulars of this event before, so often as we have talked over the circumstance of Jeanette's unaccountable disappearance on the night of St. Isidore?"

"I had several reasons for this reserve," said Henriot, "in the first place, I hate nothing so much as a dull recital of facts; in the next, I was a little apprehensive of the judgment thou might'st pass upon it, in thy state of primitive innocence and simplicity—but now, that

thou art fully initiated; I have no further reserves for thee—that is one grand point thou hast gained."

This conversation a little relieved the uneasiness of Louisot, or rather diverted it to another channel. He found that he had a dangerous rival in the Spaniard; and that even if the scheme of carrying off Clara should prove successful; he was not likely to be permitted the peaceable possession of his prize.

Clara exposed to insult! — Clara an object for the pretensions of such a wretch as Gomez! — he shuddered at the idea—he shuddered at himself; the madness of whose passion would have exposed her to such danger.

" Divine innocence and purity!"—exclaimed he inwardly, " No, never shall

licentiousness profane thee!—If ever the gang make their way to the Castle, it shall be through the heart of thy unworthy adorer. — Louisot's death shall atone for his life — the next happiness to living with her, will be to die for her—but wretch that I am, I cannot deserve such a blessing."

CHAPTER XXIV.

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

In the mean time Henriot, ever eager to execute his projects, had proposed in council to mine the Castle, and carry off the plate, the women, and valuables. The measure was however warmly opposed by all but Gomez, Eshman, and some of the youngest and most inconsiderate: the captain quashed it at once, and forbad any further mention of it.

" Never again," said he, " let me hear the disgraceful project, of degrading my noble friends to cut throats and house-breakers. Let us continue to wage open and generous warfare, and to carry off the prize on the point of our swords. With regard to the scheme proposed, the folly of it can only be equalled by its baseness.—Success would most of all undo us—our haunts would be traced—our retreat discovered; and the secret of this subterraneous communication, which is of such infinite importance to our security, would then be the means of our destruction."

Henriot, when the debate was over, hastened with the result of it to his friend, who had purposely avoided being present; he found him by the cavern he had so sedulously adorned for Clara, carving, by the light of the moon, her

her cypher upon the bark of a tree which overhung it.

"I have bad news for thee my lad," said he, "our captain is crusty, and forbids our exploit; *mais n'importe*, we have been once without his orders, and may again—we will be judged by the event, as people usually are. If we succeed, our triumph is secure—if we fail, nothing so easy as to conceal our discomfiture."

Louisot made no answer, he rejoiced secretly at the decision of the captain, and determined on his own account to be of the party, if it took place, in order the more effectually to counteract its operations; for he now as much dreaded to see Clara in his power, as once he had ardently desired it.—He even conceived the idea of escaping by the subterraneous passage alone; in order to alarm the Baron and put him upon

his guard, in short, he passed a sleepless night; endeavouring in his mind, to conciliate the safety of Clara with that of La Vengeance, whose noble qualities had engaged his esteem, as much as his kindness had won upon his affections.

"Alas!" thought he, "is there no way of saving Clara, but by betraying my friend?"

After much deliberation he at length hit upon the expedient, of leaving a letter for La Vengeance, informing him of his design, of his own motives, and warning him to provide for his safety. For this purpose pen and ink were to be procured, articles for which there was but little call among the brotherhood; this difficulty did not however discourage, or perhaps strike him at all; he arose with

the sun, and set about exploring the means of putting his scheme in execution; he proceeded to the barrier which obstructed the pass; but what was the excess of his disappointment, to meet there the captain in person, presiding at the nailing of it up, and adding to it a large padlock, of which himself took the key!

"I am fastening up this back door, Louisot," said he, "it has once been entered without my knowledge, and may again, — I reserve it for cases of emergency."

Louisot blushed and felt confounded, he could hardly help thinking the precaution particularly aimed at him, so conscious was he of having deserved it: he answered coldly that it was quite right, and retired to a remote part of

the valley to conceal his chagrin, and deliberate at leisure upon some other method of proceeding. It was a fine morning in autumn, the mist was dispersing before the sun, and a thousand variegated hues tinged the forest trees, that overhung the craggy summits of the surrounding mountains. The robin had alone discovered this secluded abode of man, and was warbling his simple, soothing note of fellowship, from the near branches. Louisot contemplated the wild romantic beauty of the scenery, and the tears fell from his eyes.

"With Clara and innocence," said he, "Oh! what a Paradise were here!—Vain, fond idea!—Innocence is not, and would I bring Clara?—Oh!—never—never—never!——"

In the midst of his reverie he was surprized by Henriot.

"Our captain," said the latter, "has a torrent to confine; but if its issue is stopped one way, it will find some other,—he had better mind what he is about. — We are all of us a little too active, to be long immured like birds in a cage. — We are determined upon our expedition, come what may—"

Meanwhile La Vengeance had overheard some of the hollow murmurings, and was the first to propose a sally.— This whole day was devoted to preparations; and the next morning, without the usual precaution of sending out-scouts to procure intelligence, the gang dispersed in different directions: neither however of the divisions succeeded, and a party of dragoons pursued one so closely, that they did not attempt to regain the recess. At the head of these was Gomez, he sought the covert that

had once before been so favorable to him, and gained by avenues of communication, known only to the wild beasts and himself, the forest of Montfier, here they remained till they thought the danger over; employing themselves in clearing away part of the underwood; and in making and setting up marks for their future direction. They then returned by the same way; and afterwards, during the winter season, the gang would sometimes resort thither for game, which was more abundant than near the recess: it was in one of these excursions that they had way-laid the wolf hunt, as before related. They had seen from their ambush the company set off; and concluded that it was highly probable they would disperse, and offer a favorable opportunity for plunder; they therefore without

forming any particular plan, concealed themselves in different parts of the forest in readiness for some chance adventure.

The return of the Baron with his daughter and only one servant offered what they wished; Gomez was the person, who seized Clara's mare by the bridle; the sequel has already been seen. When Mr. Forrest's nag was returning without his rider, these industrious knights were at hand; the mare likewise, as if in concert with the robbers, neighed as her companion past by, who pricking up his ears, at her well known voice, and stopping short, was easily taken. Gomez and his comrades secured the nags, and immediately set off on their return by the defile, well satisfied with the success of their expedition.

The Captain was likewise well pleased; two fine horses, in good condition, were very desirabie to the state of his stud. Clara's mare, however, never having been taught to stand fire, was apt to be a little skittish and unmanagable when the bullets whizzed about her ears; upon this account, Louisot had found no difficulty in obtaining it for his own use: besides the particular pleasure he derived, from possessing and cherishing any thing that had belonged to Clara; he had formed the plan of escaping with it, and returning it himself to its fair mistress. In the mean time, never animal was so carrest; Louisot neither ate nor slept, till he had first provided for the comfort and accommodation of his favorite, and would share his meal with it, if of any thing at all to its taste. The animal returned his affection, followed him like a spaniel, knew the

sound of his voice, and was docile to perfection under his hand. When out of hearing of the coarse and licentious crew; Louisot would converse with it, call it by a thousand endearing names, and relate his griefs, his sentiments and projects; as if the poor animal could understand and partake them.

He had just laid the plan of his escape, and fixed in his own mind the time, when a severe illness obliged him to lay it aside; from this he was but just recovered when the expedition took place, of which we have related the result.

On their onset, Louisot, who always rode by the Captain's side, had in vain waited a favorable moment for escaping. At the commencement of the affair, he had kept in the rear, and avoided firing; till

Gomez, who was near him, denounced him for remissness,—with a trembling hand he then drew the trigger, and pointing his piece upward, designed to have discharged it in the air; but a sudden blow from Gomez, gave it a different direction, and lodged the ball in that fair bosom he would have died rather than have pained.

END OF VOL II.